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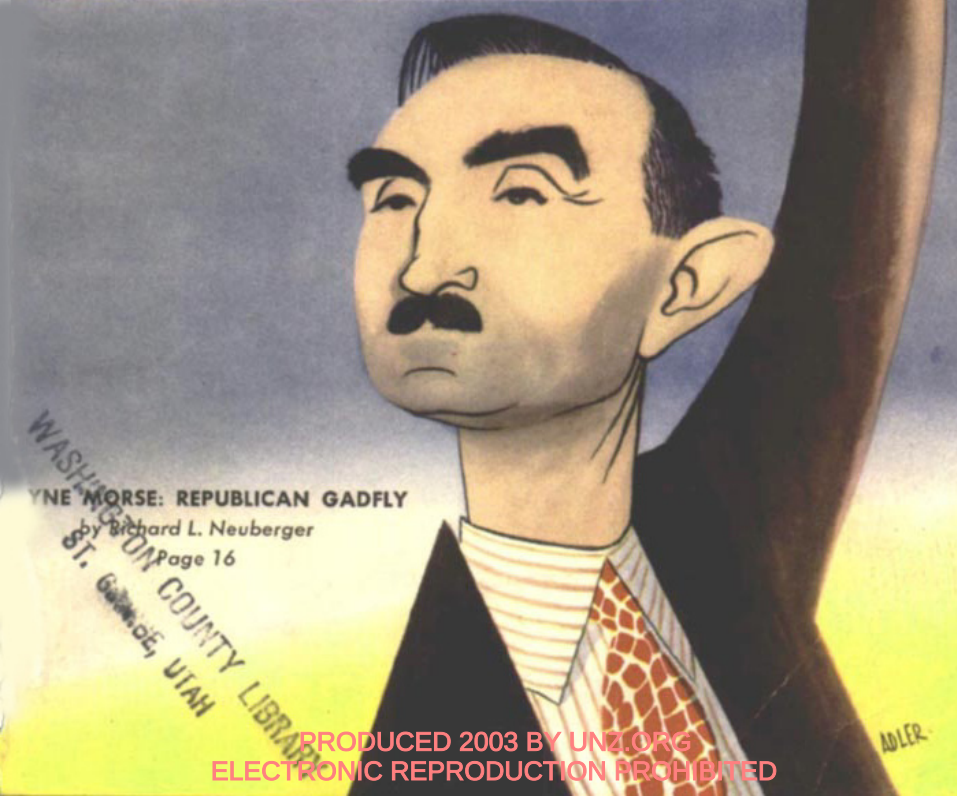
The American Mercury

THE FAILURE OF THE UNITED NATIONS Christopher Norborg

GOOD PRESSURE, HIGH AND LOW Peter J. Steincrohn, M.D.

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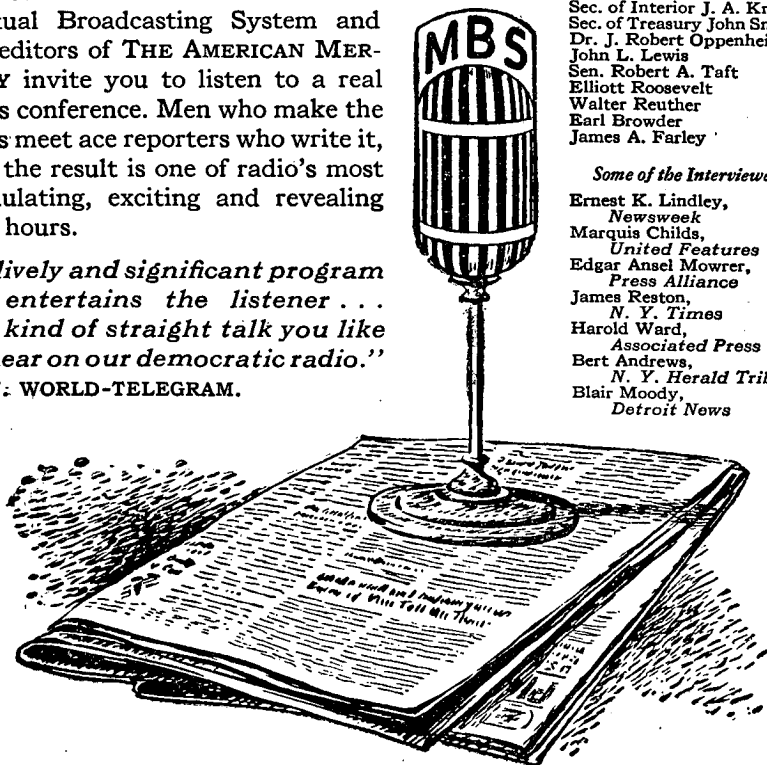
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The American Mercury

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The American Mercury

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THE FAILURE OF THE UNITED NATIONS

BY

CHRISTOPHER NORBORG

HAVING fought the Axis dictatorships to a finish under a vow of "unconditional surrender," the democratic states proceeded to surrender the peace of the world unconditionally to another dictatorship "as absolute as any in the world," to quote the words of Franklin Roosevelt.

The United Nations represents the final fruitage of the democratic victories. But the fruits of a lasting victory do not go to the democracies. They have been handed over without reservation to the USSR, which openly professes its implacable enmity to the free institutions and free enterprise of Western democracy.

The UN was instituted as an ex-

pression of the united will of the peace-abiding states of the world. It was their declared purpose to suppress future aggressors by a standing military force representing the armed contingents of the great powers. Peaceful means of settling international disputes were to be provided so that there should never again be a global war.

But the admission of the Soviet Union, an anti-democratic power, to the Security Council has voided the possibility of effectual unanimity and joint action for the preservation of world peace. Military sanctions can be used only against states that are obviously too weak to attack any one of

CHRISTOPHER NORBORG is a philosopher and scholar who worked for UNRRA and OSS during the war. He is the author of several books, including *From Plato to Hitler*. This article is taken from a new book, *Operation Moscow*, to be published in August.

the great powers or to invade their known spheres of influence. Hence, the only preventable conflicts are those between small states, and on the face of it, great powers are not likely to intervene with force in such conflicts since they do not involve their vital interests.

'The Big Five powers, which have the strength to wage global war, alone or in combination, have been given the privilege of vetoing enforcement against themselves. This is of no harmful consequence insofar as four of these states are concerned. Britain and the United States have already outgrown the phase of territorial expansion and are now engaged in voluntarily relinquishing sovereignty over previously held territories and colonies. They have established firm policies of neighborliness and tolerance for foreign states. France is too weak to do more than cling to what she has. The foreign policies of the present Chinese government are peaceful.

Only the Soviet Union has an intolerant political philosophy and a recent record of territorial expansion and aggression against foreign states as in the case of the unprovoked war against Finland, the armed usurpation in the Baltic states, and the intimidation practiced in other foreign states where mass deportation, liquidation of political opposition and concentration camps have established the postwar rule of Stalinism.

In the light of these historic facts, it needs only common sense to perceive that the only source of danger to

world peace is the one remaining totalitarian power of major dimensions. The granting to the Kremlin of an unqualified veto of military sanctions means that the only possible source of disturbance to world peace can commit any future act of aggression or provocation with complete immunity from authorized hindrance or interference by the UN forces. The Soviet Union or any one of its numerous dependencies can launch an unprovoked war upon any state, large or small, with impunity so far as these armed forces are concerned. In order to breach the peace and at the same time to forestall armed intervention by the Security Council, the Generalissimo of the USSR has only to say "Yes" to his field commanders and to the Security Council the little word "No"!

The Soviet triumph over Hitlerism has proved to be an empty victory for the Russian people. Their patriotic loyalty to a government which for a whole generation has given them nothing but broken promises of freedom and prosperity has been rewarded by fresh purges and a new series of Five Year Plans in which adequate consumer goods for the masses have no place. The peace has ended in a triumph only for the autocrats of the Kremlin.

II

A successful operation in behalf of world peace and the liberation of the Russian working classes must provide, first of all, for military restraint of the

expansionist policies of the Politburo. The enlightened and peace-loving peoples of every continent, now joined in the United Nations, have surely seen and suffered more than enough from aggressive tyrannies to be willing to unite their strength and statesmanship for the purpose of putting would-be aggressors in quarantine until they become civilized or are overthrown by pressure from within.

Since any aggressive nation relies upon force, it becomes imperative that the operational plan of the free world recognize the primacy of military restraint. Such restraint cannot itself reform a dictatorship. But the preventive use of force is essential because it gains time for the operation of other civilizing factors — diplomatic, economic, ideological, moral, and, above all, spiritual — which can work most effectively only under conditions of peaceful evolution.

The quarantining of potentially dangerous dictatorships was the original policy of the late President Roosevelt. It was the program he advocated for a pernicious and intolerant tyranny at a time when he was not under the psychological and physical pressure of actual war. It was his policy before he had to purchase the cooperation of the Kremlin in fighting the madman of Berchtesgaden. Had his wise advocacy of a preventive quarantine by peace-loving powers been heeded, the dreadful sufferings of a second global war might perhaps have been avoided.

But that wisdom was greeted by a political charge of warmongering. The appeasers and pacifists were strongly entrenched and blind to the future aims of Germany — willfully blind because the head of the German state had submitted a blueprint of his mischievous designs in *Mein Kampf*. Today, once more, every suggestion of precautionary steps against the future aggression of the Soviet dictatorship is greeted in some quarters with charges of warmongering. But fortunately, it is no longer so easy to be willfully blind. One might still discount, if he chose, the published and detailed utterances in which the head of the Soviet Union has announced a program of worldwide and relentless hostility toward all democratic states whether they be capitalist or social-democratic. But honest people cannot fail to see the significance of the mountainous and ever-mounting evidence of underhanded violation by the Soviet Union of the basic wartime compacts with the Allies.

Obviously, the first step toward organizing a united military front for the prevention of Soviet expansion is to sweep away the last vestige of the delusion that the United Nations, as that international organization is now arranged, offers the slightest possibility for positive prevention of aggression. So long as this wishful notion is held, the democracies are actually inviting an outbreak of war by their adherence to an organization that can only serve to immobilize the defensive forces of democracy. Such immo-

bilization in turn would give the aggressor the priceless advantage of the initiative, and thereafter compel a desperate, all-out and prolonged global war for the survival of free men.

The time has come to face the truth that, incredible as it sounds, the United Nations is actually serviceable solely for the protection of the Kremlin and its sphere of influence. When the Soviet Union or any of its protégés is attacked by another state (as may well happen in view of the underhanded and pestiferous activities continually directed against foreign governments by Moscow's agents), the Kremlin can call for help from its "fellow democracies." On the other hand, when the Soviet Union or any of its satellites, or all of them together, launch an attack upon a fellow-member or members of the United Nations, that body then becomes itself the tool by which the Kremlin's veto power can nullify or divide the defensive forces of the peace-loving states of the whole world.

The United Nations cannot conceivably be used for the active protection of any state outside of the sphere of the USSR simply because the Communist Party, which controls the USSR, is only interested in the overthrow of any government that represents capitalism, socialism, labor unionism, or New Dealism, which are all characterized by Moscow as "rotten liberalism." In fact not one of the states now composing the United Nations, other than those that are purely Communistic or Communist-

dominated, has a form of government which is not abhorrent to militant and dogmatic Stalinism. Far from being willing to sacrifice their own hard-pressed people for the defense of any one of such states, it is the publicly declared policy of the Soviet state party to do everything possible to weaken and destroy all non-Communist states.

It is not enough to point out that the Kremlin swears no loyalty to the United Nations as an agency for the protection of democracies. The Soviets have their own alternative for world peace, namely, a worldwide Soviet. Times without number, Stalin and his associates have declared that wars spring from the economic crises that affect all capitalistic states. The Kremlin believes, therefore, that only the downfall of the democracies and their conformation to the Soviet pattern can guarantee a lasting world peace. Such a peace program cannot possibly be harmonized with that of the United Nations.

III

Rudimentary analysis thus suffices to prove that the Soviet Union will not cooperate to protect any kind of non-Soviet state under any future circumstances. The future defensive cooperation of the Soviet Union and its former allies is out of the question because the defeat of Germany and Japan has destroyed the only aggressive states strong enough to seek world domination and thus to make temporary comrades-in-arms of the Soviets and the democracies. Sec-

ondly, as has been noted, there would be no point in lending an armed contingent to defend a small democracy if the peace of the world were not involved. Moreover, the fact is that the self-centered and intolerant principles governing the Kremlin forbid its offer of troops for the protection and benefit of any weak democracy.

The Soviet Union in its treatment of its smaller neighbors has proved conclusively that, far from being willing to defend their independence and their property, it will itself strip them of these attributes of sovereignty in order to safeguard itself from the hazard of war. To go to battle for a small democracy would expose the Soviet Union to all the unpredictable losses and risks of war. And even Henry Wallace, the one-time spokesman for the rights of the "little fellow" and the small nation, has said: "You cannot expect a large nation to take any risks for the sake of a small nation, can you?" (*the Nation*, June 11, 1945).

But what of the defense of a small democracy in a conflict that might lead to a world war? Such a defense would necessarily involve the defense of the major democracies also. The USSR would be called upon to take risks in behalf of the United States and Great Britain in particular, because these states are vitally interested in the preservation of world peace. Would Moscow go to the aid of these states? Molotov has already given the answer when he said before the Assembly of the United Nations in

October 1946: "... We must take into account the possibility of an increased influence in certain countries of such aggressive, imperialist circles (as in defeated Germany and Japan) who for the sake of achieving world domination can embark upon a reckless aggression and the most hazardous military adventures." He then named England and the United States as the countries infected with this imperialistic trend.

The United States was especially singled out by Molotov as being dominated by "an irresistible trend toward expansion and unchallenged domination of the world." Such an obviously untrue statement may be a shocking insult to American citizens, but the fallacious dogma of the Marxist faith insists that imperialist expansion is the unavoidable fate of all capitalistic countries. All alike, therefore, are feared by the Soviet Union as potential enemies; and naturally the larger democracies are the most feared. They have been continually accused of forming a bloc against the USSR. Nothing could be more absurd, therefore, than to suppose that the Soviet Union would voluntarily bleed for the support, whether direct or indirect, of such declared enemies.

Since, upon analysis, it is clear that neither the small democracies nor the large ones are possible candidates for Soviet support in the Security Council, what other conclusion can be drawn but that the United Nations in its present setup is a total illusion as a protective agency for the peoples

who enjoy self-government and desire to live in peace with their neighbors?

The Kremlin under the veto provisions could prevent even publication of the invasion by its own troops of a peaceful country such as Greece, Turkey, Iran or Palestine. The Soviet delegate can deny to the so-called Security Council the privilege of even advising what shall be done if Yugoslavia should march through Trieste into Italy. A Soviet-inspired Polish invasion of Germany backed by Red troops could neither be stopped nor reprimanded! The Soviet vote, in short, paralyzes the entire United Nations, its military staff, military contingents nominally devoted to the halting of invasion by an enemy power, and all the other agencies set up by these bodies to prevent war. It is the deepest irony of the postwar era that the only practical significance of the United Nations is that of a protector of an anti-democratic dictatorship and a blanket license for the expansion of Stalinist militarism at the expense of weaker states.

In any event, it is beyond question or dispute that the decision as to whether or not there shall be another global war has been transferred from the fifty-five United Nations to the political bureau of a single state.

Stalin joined the United Nations reluctantly and has adhered to that organization only because it has given him everything he wanted and cost him nothing in return. From his vantage-point in the Security Council he is now enabled to set at naught the

joint will of the world for an assured peace based upon justice for all nations. So long as the present organization of the United Nations stands as the arbiter, peace must be forfeited or bought by unending appeasement of a Stalinist Moscow. This is the unconditional surrender of the United Nations.

Truth may be crushed to earth but it cannot be destroyed. Already the profound error that engendered the United Nations "writhes in pain," as Wordsworth wrote in another connection, "and dies among its worshippers." Nowhere more clearly than in the Council and Assembly of the United Nations is it realized that this organization is totally incapable of fulfilling the pledge of Yalta.

The veto provision cannot be amended without the concurrence of the one state that benefits from the retention of the veto. And the Soviet Union has served notice that the abolition of the veto would mean the "liquidation" of the United Nations. As Carl Berendsen, the New Zealand delegate to the United Nations, well said, "This infant organization has been brought into the world with its hands manacled and its feet fettered." Finally, the Soviet Union cannot be expelled from the United Nations, no matter how faithless its future conduct may prove.

IV

The Soviets plead incessantly for the preservation of the rule of "unanimity" among the great powers. But

there never was the slightest unanimity — one-mindedness — as between the Soviet Union and its allies. There was only the involuntary unity of objective and compulsory circumstances, namely, their simultaneous subjection to the attacks of a power-mad Nazi dictator intent upon overriding all non-Teutonic states. Those circumstances cannot be repeated in our generation. And, apart from such an adventitious cause of joint action, there can never again be any ground for even the appearance of unanimity or true like-mindedness between Moscow and the West.

No democratic state can claim to belong wholly to the category of "the good, the true and the beautiful." In spite of all the Atlantic Charters, this sad world is still far removed from such a Platonic ideal. But the democracies at least have their faces turned toward realization of the ideals of the dignity of man and of the spirit of fraternity that transcends social classes and national boundaries. The democracies enjoy the chastening benefit of the self-imposed criticism of free speech and a free press. They are, therefore, progressively constrained by the concepts of liberty under law and a peace based upon justice. The Soviet autocracy, to the contrary, has turned its back upon all these fundamental values of an advanced social order, sacrificing every truly human value for the expediencies of its own security and power. Bringing the spokesmen of these two opposing conceptions of

statehood into a single Security Council has only served to accentuate their irreconcilable differences.

The rank and file of the common people of the democracies performed magnificently in battle, in the underground forces, on the high seas, and in the mills of industry. They left to their statesmen and diplomats the comparatively easy task of keeping the peace they had won in "blood and toil and tears and sweat."

It needed no miracle to achieve that lasting peace. It needed only an extension of the same spirit and the same technique by which every state preserves the peace within its own borders. But the political leaders of democracy have lacked the vision and the courage of their own peoples.

In conclusion, these simple truths emerge as self-evident. The present widespread fear of World War III could not exist if the United Nations were capable of fulfilling the Yalta pledge of peace maintenance. The existence of that fear advertises both the total failure of the United Nations and the immediate necessity of adopting new measures to redeem that pledge. It is a pledge made sacred by the shed blood of millions of free men. Its present violation is an affront to the dead and to the living. That affront must cease. The world demands an end to war, and the means to that end is at hand.

For the Charter of the United Nations itself provides for the independent action of its members to insure the peace of the world under the

present circumstances. Pending the coming into force of the agreements of the several states to supply specific armed contingents to the Security Council, Chapter XVII provides for "transitional security arrangements." The Big Five are authorized to consult with one another and, as occasion requires, with other members of the United Nations, with a view to whatever joint action may be needed "for the purpose of maintaining international peace and security." Of course, such "joint action" need not involve the active cooperation of all the Big Five if such cooperation is not needed or would not be in the best interests of "international peace and security." The democratic states are free to enter into arrangements for joint action to that end.

It seems to have been overlooked, moreover, that the above provision is not permissive but mandatory. The verb is "shall." Since the police contingents of the Security Council have not been apportioned and ratified to date, and since the fear of war persists, it is the duty of the permanent members of the Council, together with such other states as they wish to consult, to take steps to set up a temporary or "transitional" peace enforcement agency. More to the point, *no right of veto obtains over decisions arising from such present consultation of the Big Five.* A majority opinion can prevail.

The elimination of the veto arises from the fact that the obligation of consultation and joint action is de-

rived from the Four-Nation Declaration of October 30, 1943, to which the name of France was added. The inclusion of "other members" of the United Nations in such consultation is not limited to members of the Security Council, and hence eliminates any possibility of the veto right. Any arrangement thus made for the purpose of maintaining international peace and security must be terminated when "in the opinion of the Security Council" that body is enabled to begin the exercise of its responsibilities as a police enforcement agency. But such an opinion obviously requires an affirmative vote. And here the Kremlin is hoist by its own petard. Its affirmative vote for the termination of the existing plan of "joint action" cannot override the negative vote of even one democratic member of the Big Five who holds that the Security Council is not qualified to maintain the peace of the world.

Thus, the truly peace-loving democracies are not merely free to proceed at once to institute a genuine peace enforcement agency; they are duty bound to do so. Nor need they later surrender such an agency in favor of the fictitious police force of the present Security Council, unless and until they have received satisfactory assurances and factual guarantees of the pacific intentions of the armed forces of the Soviet Union, its secret police, its satellite states and its worldwide network of political agents.

But the right and sovereign obligation of the democratic states to look

beyond the Security Council for a means of policing world peace at the present time does not rest solely upon the expediency of the Four-Nation Declaration and the foregoing technicalities. It is affirmed as an inherent prerogative, and without any qualifications whatever, by Article 51 of the Charter, as follows:

Nothing in the present Charter shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense if an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations, until the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security.

The Security Council has not taken such measures at this writing, and will not have done so until it has (a) secured an adequate police force and (b) removed the present threat that the Kremlin will veto the use of such a force for the protection of democratic states against its own aggression or that of other anti-democratic powers. The securing of an adequate police force will require an amendment of the UN Charter for reasons to which attention will be directed in due course. The removal of the second handicap of the Security Council will require a radical amendment in the government of the Soviet Union.

Needless to say, the "inherent right" of the members of the United Nations to repel an attack by means of "collective self-defense" includes also the inherent right to foresee and forestall such an attack by setting up in advance the means of collective self-defense. No defense against modern

weapons would be effective without adequate collective planning and collective arming against every possible source of aggressive attack, including an attack by the USSR. Therefore, in the absence of fully and finally effective provisions for the preservation of the peace by the Security Council, the members of the United Nations are clearly permitted by the Charter of that organization to institute collective measures for self-defense, and to maintain them until the day and hour when, in their sole judgment and in the exercise of their inherent, inalienable and sovereign right to national security, the Security Council is ready to take over the duty of their collective defense.

In the execution of this responsibility for self-preservation and for the avoidance of World War III, the democracies are under no obligation to consult with the Soviet Union if they do not deem such consultation essential to their safety. Article 51 requires no such consultation, and no Kremlin veto bars effective security arrangements.

v

The fact that it is necessary to go outside of the present conventions of the United Nations in order to safeguard the peace has now become a generally accepted tenet. The Atomic Development Authority proposed by the United States was originally designed to operate independently of the United Nations, if necessary. Other proposals relating to the regulation of

armaments would require independently negotiated conventions and a separate treaty or treaties.

Fortunately, the independent means by which the democracies can create immediate world security are already in partial existence and can be easily and quickly perfected. These means, moreover, can be developed not only without prejudice to the United Nations, but rather as the most effective instrumentality for the eventual empowerment of the Security Council. Indeed, the means in question are given preferential treatment in the UN Charter itself, as we shall presently point out. While they are designed to operate independently, they can be and should be placed at the disposal of the Security Council whenever it is disposed to take affirmative action for the preservation of the peace. In such case the democracies will be prepared to cooperate fully and heartily with the forces of the Soviet Union. This fact and the fact that the proposed instrumentality is authorized both generally and particularly by the Charter signify that a new and effective enforcement agency can be instituted without the slightest affront to the dignity or security of the Soviet Union.

Second only to the obligation every government owes to its own people for their national security is the obligation to preserve and defend the United Nations as the forum of the peace-loving peoples of the world. But it is the General Assembly and not the Security Council that embod-

ies and voices the hopes and aspirations of the common people. It is in the Assembly that the world becomes for the first time a single neighborhood. The founders of the United Nations wisely drew a sharp line of demarcation between the functions of the Assembly and the Council. The former forms policies. The latter is merely an executor and is undemocratic in its very composition. The fact that it has failed to perform its principal office of guaranteeing the peace of the world does not justify pessimism with respect to the beneficent rôle of the General Assembly.

But the Assembly itself cannot hope to survive unless the abortive Security Council is replaced by another organization of unquestioned competency to enforce a peace based upon justice. That the Assembly will welcome such a substitute for the present misnamed and incurably hamstrung Council cannot be doubted. By a smashing majority the Assembly has already rebuked the Soviet Union for its abuse of the veto privilege. Other proposals by which the Kremlin sought to obtain one-sided military information of vital value to the democracies were voted down by equally emphatic majorities. Were the members of the United Nations to be assured of the protection of an agency controlled by genuinely peaceful powers, they would find renewed inspiration in the councils of the Assembly, and the United Nations would begin to fulfill the dreams of the millions who fought to make democracy safe.

But, before setting forth the formula for a new and valid peace enforcement agency, we must first take note of the latest and most sinister of the ruses by which Moscow has perverted the United Nations to her own exclusive benefit. Not content with having intrigued the democracies into surrendering the whole decision of international war or peace into the hands of the Soviet dictatorship, that self-confessed foe of political democracy has now ensnared the short-memored diplomats of Washington, London and Paris into the very same disarmament lure that paved the way for Hitler's easy victories over France and England, and the Japanese triumphs of Pearl Harbor and the Philippines. This scheme was railroaded through

the Assembly at the close of its December 1946 meeting when the hall was half empty, and before the delegates had grasped its real implications.

It is not enough that the Kremlin stands squarely in the doorway of the Security Council where it can bar the democracies from receiving the protection of the prospective international police force. The next move is to strip these all too trusting states of their own weapons of individual self-defense and their only means of developing their own collective security. Such a strategy would remove the last hindrance to that world conquest of Communism to which Stalin publicly, solemnly and irrevocably dedicated himself, his associates and his successors at the death of Lenin.

JUNE NIGHTS

BY G. E. HUNTER

Two spires of yucca bloom beside the door
Of her neat bungalow; a well-pruned vine
Makes frugal shadow all along the floor.
In her prim garden in the morning shine
She takes a walk with steps precise and slow.
When she could have a child, she had no child.
And she was widowed a long time ago;
No wonder she is virginal and mild,
And cannot understand the gaiety
Of laughing girls when every joyous air
That titillates the dainty poplar tree
Is fingering their warm breasts and lips and hair.
June nights what can she know of youth's queer craze
When yucca flowers pale by dark doorways.

WAYNE MORSE: REPUBLICAN GADFLY

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE last time the Republicans controlled Congress it was not the party's stalwarts but its rebels in the Senate who captured the imagination of the country. Although the present GOP rulers of Capitol Hill insist that there is no longer any reason for liberal Republicans to assume the rôle of insurgents, a first-term Senator from Oregon can be depended upon to demand regularly and loudly that the party's election pledges against reaction, isolationism and special privilege be made good. Indeed, Republican Senators had just had time to adjust themselves to the pleasant occupancy of the high-backed, upholstered chairs of committee chairmen when Wayne Lyman Morse began denouncing their plans for tax reduction and new labor legislation.

Morse is totally unlike the insurgents of the Coolidge-Hoover era whom Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire dubbed "Sons of the Wild Jackass." He is only forty-six. Before he ran for the Republican nomination for Senator in 1944 he had never stood for any elective office. He has behind him a brilliant aca-

demic record, which includes the fourth doctorate in jurisprudence ever awarded by Columbia University.

It is in the Norris tradition for Republican insurrectionists to look venerable and benign. Morse resembles a good deal more the prototype of the vested interests he is harassing. A coed in a criminal law class which Morse taught at the University of Oregon once observed that her professor looked like an "intellectual Simon Legree." Morse's trimmed mustache, thick eyebrows, sleek black hair and dark complexion give him an appearance ill-suited, at least in the public mind, to his rôle as the White Knight seeking to purify the Grand Old Party.

Morse himself is evidently aware that he must be the City Slicker rather than the Country Boy. He boasts of his extensive education, frequently listing for the voters his academic honors. Instead of putting on leather chaps and a ten-gallon Stetson for the campaign photograph so cherished by Western politicians, Morse tempts the scorn of the cattlemen

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among his constituents by riding in society horse shows clad in balloon breeches and a monogrammed silk shirt.

Despite his disregard for Western political shibboleths Morse, who will be in office at least until 1950, has become a significant national figure as the spokesman and strategist of such opposition as exists within Republican congressional ranks to the reigning monarchs of the party. Because of the gag rule which silences all except a few members of the House, this opposition can be effectively voiced only in the unlimited debate of the Senate. The newly-dominant Republicans are now on trial before the nation, and it may well be Wayne Morse who restrains them from rushing back to the lush but toxic pastures of the reckless twenties. At least he will make the try.

II

Most of Morse's Senatorial associates were chary of him from the day he took the oath of office, yet no member of the Senate can complain that Wayne Morse has not made at least one bid in his direction. Within a year the junior Senator from Oregon called President Truman a "ham actor" — and backed up Truman's opposition to Republican plans for tax reduction. He demanded the resignation from the government of Chester Bowles — and assailed the "greed and avarice" of Bowles' principal antagonist, the National Association of Manufacturers. He berated "the same old re-

actionaries" in the national councils of the Republican party — and made fulsome speeches urging the re-election of Oregon's reactionary Republican congressional delegation. He supported left-wing Democratic Senator Pepper on price control one week — and right-wing Republican Senator Wherry the next. He dismissed the Republican platform as "disappointing and a stillbirth of the party's hopes" — and within a month was proclaiming the Republican party as "the instrument for saving the nation from leftists and chaos." He called the last meeting of the Republican National Committee "a flop at which we listened to clichés *ad nauseum*" — but promised to support any candidate nominated by the party for President. He introduced a strong anti-monopoly bill with Senator Hugh B. Mitchell — and then traveled to the state of Washington to deliver speeches which contributed to the victory of Mitchell's Old Guard Republican adversary.

Can a man guilty of such contradictory behavior lead the Republican party out of the morass of reaction? There is an explanation, if perhaps not an excuse, for Morse's whirligig record, and that is the political state of affairs in Oregon. Oregon is the most conservative state in the West, and most of Morse's trimming is in deference to the cautious voters from whom he must seek re-election. By instinct he is a liberal on most public issues. He favors amnesty for wartime conscientious objectors, he has taken

the floor of the Senate to speak against bills of attainder which would proscribe government officials for their political views, and he continually opposes those who would come to the aid of utilities by suspending Federal power projects.

In many ways Morse is an old-fashioned trustbuster. He mistrusts big business, as he doubts the wisdom of big government. He believes that business should be scaled down to reasonable size, rather than government be given power to control it. Taxation, he thinks, might be a weapon with which to do the scaling. "Not a single dollar of the war profits now collected under our tax structure should be returned to business men by a tax reduction," Morse insists.

When chided for "backsliding," Morse cites President Roosevelt: "I can only go as fast as the people will let me." "My influence as a Senator and as a liberal will be gone," he argues, "if I get so out of step with the citizens of Oregon as to be suspended between heaven and earth like Mohammed's coffin." Morse is no Norris heading resolutely in one direction, regardless of consequences. In political behavior he is more akin to Borah — brilliant in debate but often short in accomplishment. As the attacker, the denouncer of others, the militant critic, Morse has few peers in the Senate. But he himself mixes little mortar to close the breach which he thus exposes. After many blistering assaults on the labor proposals of Taft and Ball, he was able at first to suggest

nothing more than a measure to enlarge the National Labor Relations Board and to outlaw jurisdictional strikes, which is comparable to being against original sin.

Again like Borah, Morse is often moved by impulse. It was at the time of the 1946 railroad strike that he leaped to his feet to castigate President Truman as a "ham actor." The same impulsiveness led him to make an apology in the Senate for this reference after the President's speech requesting aid for Greece and Turkey.

Unlike Borah, Morse is no isolationist. He was the first Republican Senator to pledge all-out support for financial aid to Greece and Turkey. He is convinced the United States must participate actively in the affairs of Europe "or Russia will rule the Continent from Vienna to Normandy."

It is in this respect that Morse differs most markedly from his fellow Republican progressive, Senator George Aiken of Vermont. Aiken still inclines toward isolation. He lacks Morse's faith in the United Nations, the World Court and other instruments of international adjustment. But on domestic questions their philosophies are virtually identical. Both believe business monopolies must be controlled or all talk of "free enterprise" becomes largely academic. They advocate conservation of forest, soil and water resources by the Federal government. They have opposed exempting railroads, fire-insurance companies and other corporations from the anti-

trust laws. And they have led the fight on the Republican side of the chamber for confirmation of such public officials as David E. Lilienthal and Gordon Clapp.

"Government must protect the economically weak from the financially powerful or our private-profit economy is not going to survive," declares Morse, and Aiken has concurred.

"George Aiken is the wheel-dog of the Republican progressives," said a correspondent watching them from the gallery, "but Wayne Morse is the leader of the pack. He picks the trail the team will follow."

III

Morse often implies that his presence in the United States Senate is a "political accident." Oregon's conservative Republican leaders are still uncertain how it happened, but they woefully admit that Morse sold them a bill of goods. Suspicious of him as a Roosevelt appointee to the National War Labor Board, they nevertheless let him convince them that in the Senate he would be as safe as the president of the National Association of Manufacturers. As a seller of himself, in other words, Wayne Morse has done very well.

Politicians in general and Republican politicians in particular are notoriously allergic to professors, yet ex-professor Morse has become a force whom Republican politicians must listen to. Thomas L. Stokes has called him "the most insistent voice for progressivism

among Republicans in the eighty-first Congress." Marquis Childs believes Morse "may be the forerunner of a new liberal movement within the Republican party which will oppose both leftism and black reaction."

Overcoming the handicap of his academic background was not Morse's biggest achievement in getting elected. He broke the tradition that a state's highest offices shall be reserved for the native son, or at least a resident of long standing. Suspicion of the outlander, the newcomer, the *cheechako*, is old in American public life. In the Far West it is nearly as intense as in the South.

Morse had lived in Oregon a decade before anyone suspected him of political ambitions. In that time he streamlined the university's law school and led a victorious faculty revolt against a chancellor who tried to limit academic freedom. Called to the attention of the Department of Justice by his friend and former teacher, Raymond Moley, Morse hired two thousand workers and spent a million dollars directing a nationwide study of the administration of criminal law. This association with the New Deal increased the belief among the lumber barons that the dean of the Oregon Law School was a radical, but Morse consistently registered as a Republican — possibly because Oregon was one of three states sending only Republicans to the Senate at the zenith of Roosevelt's popularity.

In 1940 Morse delivered an address at a Republican banquet in the log-

g town of Klamath Falls. He waxed obitographical and talked more about himself than about Abraham Lincoln, the topic of the occasion. He complained that although he came from Wisconsin he had steadfastly refused to align himself "with the very active La Follette Progressive Club on the University of Wisconsin campus, for La Follette's opposition to the war made it impossible for me to accept him as a party leader." In fact, as a mere stripling Morse had discerned the alleged dangers of La Follettism:

I was not of voting age but in the family arguments, sometimes for the sake of argument but to a large measure out of youthful conviction, I would contend that a more acceptable political program lay somewhat halfway between the reaction of the Stalwarts and the ultra-liberalism of the Progressives. Thus I suppose it may be said that I have always been a "middle-of-the-roader" in Republican politics.

As plain as smoke signals to a Shoshone, this told Oregon's cautious Republican party officials, reliant on lumber and utility financing, that the spectacular young dean hankered for their endorsement. They expected Morse to enter the lists for public office at once, but instead he accepted an appointment as arbitrator of labor disputes along the troubled Pacific Coast waterfront. It was a perilous job for a man with political ambitions, but Morse carried it off well. Generally pro-labor in his decisions, he nevertheless refused to be bluffed when Harry Bridges announced defiantly that his CIO longshoremen

would refuse to recognize one of Morse's decisions. Bridges sought to palaver at the St. Francis Hotel, but Morse took the afternoon train back to Oregon, where he announced:

The union's failure to live up to its promise to abide by the decision of the arbitrator has destroyed the arbitration agreement and rendered the union's word valueless. The union must answer to public opinion. I herewith tender my resignation.

For once, the arrogant Bridges was trapped. Pressure from the membership of his union compelled him to apologize publicly to Morse, accept the disputed ruling and then ask the law professor to return as arbitrator.

During the term of his service on the National War Labor Board Morse demonstrated the same independence. Ahead of his time, he saw that Federal capitulation to John L. Lewis might become an endless process. When a majority of the Board gave in to Lewis in 1943 Morse contended, "This is the surrender of government in the name of political expediency." Harold L. Ickes, trying to cozen Lewis along so the mines would not shut down, accused Morse of playing to the grandstand. It proved to be one of the few tiffs in which an antagonist could match the sulphurous language of the Secretary of the Interior.

"Dear Mr. Secretary," Morse began a letter to Ickes. "Your most recent communication serves only to strengthen and confirm my low opinion of you."

This rumpus altered Morse's career, and probably to Morse's ultimate ad-

vantage. When a vacancy occurred on the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Western states, Morse had the backing of many New Dealers along the Pacific Coast. James F. Byrnes, then Director of the Office of War Mobilization, who had also opposed further salaaming to Lewis, endorsed Morse, but at the last minute Ickes hurried to the White House in protest, and Roosevelt scratched Morse's name from the list.

IV

Morse now looked toward the Senate. Rufus Holman, an aged Senate demagogue whose principal theme was an attack on foreign "refugees" in terms that smacked of anti-Semitism, seemed ripe for conquest. Morse at first proposed the candidacy of Palmer Hoyt, the sensational young publisher of the Portland *Oregonian*, now editor of the *Denver Post*, but Hoyt decided that newsprint and personal political ambitions did not mix and threw the powerful support of the *Oregonian* to Morse.

It was a bitter primary campaign and Morse was at his best. In challenging speeches he accused Holman of bigotry and prejudice. Holman underwrote the charges by taunting Morse as "perfesser" and contending that he was financed by wealthy Jews. Morse won by a slender margin; Palmer Hoyt said later that only "the most genuinely brilliant and masterful campaign talks ever delivered in Oregon" had overthrown Holman, long a feeder at the political trough.

Having won the Republican nomination as a liberal, Morse reverted to conservatism to demonstrate to Oregon's GOP leadership that he was to be trusted with the Senate seat. New Dealers, to whom he had protested his fealty to Roosevelt when seeking a place on the Federal bench, were astonished to hear him going all-out for Tom Dewey and denouncing President Roosevelt as an advocate of "regimentation and scarcity." Morse's close friends on the university campus, knowing his personal belief in international cooperation, heard him tell rural audiences that the Hull reciprocal trade program had to be abandoned in the interests of "American markets for the American farmer."

Morse was helped by the fact that his opponent, a Liberty League Democrat, also stayed off the Roosevelt bandwagon. Thus, although the President carried Oregon, Morse was elected by the whopping majority of 269,095 to 174,140.

As a member of the United States Senate, Wayne Morse has tried hard to prove that his behavior in the 1944 general election was what the late Wendell Willkie once called "merely a bit of campaign oratory." He has been the least regular of all the Republicans. No sooner had he taken the oath of office from Vice-President Truman, than he voted to confirm the contested appointments of two New Dealers, Henry A. Wallace and Aubrey Williams. Once, when he found himself holding the Senate floor almost alone, Morse tried to slip over a

bill abolishing the poll tax, and the frantic Southern Democrats barely got back to the chamber in time. Morse has repeatedly questioned the sincerity of his party's bid for the Negro vote and has suggested that the Republicans pass a measure to outlaw filibusters and so permit a bill to be adopted to outlaw the poll tax despite Southern opposition.

Morse also showed that he had recovered fully from his professed youthful aversion to the La Follettes. He began sending contributions to the La Follette weekly newspaper, the *Progressive*, and he urged Wisconsin Republicans to renominate Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr.

Morse has a keen sense of personal rectitude. He ended the 1944 election campaign deeply in debt but refused to accept funds from "questionable" sources to pay it off. His intimates claim he turned down utility money and substantial donations from slot-machine operators in Portland. Morse was disturbed when some of his Senate colleagues were reported to be speculating on the cotton market while the life of OPA was at stake last year. This lay behind his urging that Senators be compelled by law to reveal the source of all income they receive. Nevertheless, at the height of gasoline rationing he drove 3000 miles across the continent with a trailer carrying two thoroughbred horses, Oregona Bourbon and Spice of Life, which he now enters in Eastern horse shows. The prize money they win helps diminish the campaign deficit.

So do the speeches he delivers for sizable fees. A fluent and forceful speaker, he seems to be talking so often that even his partisans back home hope there will be at least one question before the country on which Morse will not have an opinion.

Morse can be picayunish as well as righteous. When the wife of Senator Langer of North Dakota sat on the Senate floor with her husband during the Bilbo debate, Morse demanded that the sergeant-at-arms expel her. "Why'd you do that, Wayne?" asked Langer after the session. "Because it was against the rules of the Senate," Morse answered coldly.

Like Jack London's derelict attorney who tried hard to dispense gold-rush justice at Whitehorse, reverence for the law is at once Morse's strength and weakness. It has prompted him to undertake lonely and painstaking investigations to ferret out twenty-year sentences handed soldiers by military courts for relatively trivial offenses. It also has instilled in him wrath for the cavalier disregard of congressional appropriation limitations by the Army, Navy and other Federal agencies. "Acts of Congress are to be obeyed and not evaded!" he once shouted at a bureaucrat with whose general aims he was in sympathy.

Detailed immersion in the law makes Morse long-winded and wordy. It took him nearly eight thousand words to defend his opposition to the Taft-Ball labor bills in a letter to an anti-union trade paper in Oregon. "Wayne sometimes forgets the differ-

ence between political speeches in the Senate and opinions delivered by the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals," a colleague from the Far West has observed.

Morse would probably swap his senatorial seat for a chance to be Attorney General or a member of the United States Supreme Court. (*The Herald Tribune*, incidentally, has proposed him for inclusion in the next Republican cabinet.) If he was precocious in deciding not to join forces with the elder La Follette, he was even younger when he decided to be a lawyer.

Morse was born near Madison, Wisconsin, in the fall of 1900, a direct descendant of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. He won all his grade and high school debating contests; he knew a lawyer had to be able to convince a jury. After graduation from the University of Wisconsin, he paid his way through the law school of the University of Minnesota by teaching public speaking. Along the route of acquiring degrees he married Mildred Downie, who taught home economics at Minnesota and was famous for her cakes and ice box cookies. They now have three daughters — Nancy, 16; Judy, 13; and Amy, 12.

Within two years after arriving at the University of Oregon in 1930 Morse was dean of law. Some accuse him of being ruthless in his ascent. Certainly he knew where his own interest lay — but that is hardly a crime in a competitive society.

Morse has always estimated pretty shrewdly what he could and could not get away with. At a tense moment in the 1944 primaries one of his campaign managers urged him to stress the fact that he was born on a farm. Morse looked in the hotel-room mirror at his dark, sophisticated face, with an almost Oriental cast to eyes and cheekbones. He shook his head emphatically. "When I was a boy," he said, "I went to a lot of political meetings with my father. I've never forgotten what he said when one candidate presented himself as a farmer: 'A good day's work on a farm would kill that buzzard.'"

V

For many years the dramatic figures in the United States Senate came from the Pacific seaboard and the Middle West. Norris was the symbol but there were others — Borah, Pittman, Hiram Johnson, McNary, Wheeler, Walsh, Costigan, the La Follettes. The Senate may have been run by men from the metropolis, but the vision of the better world-to-be stemmed from cornfield and fir forest.

Virtually alone among the inheritors of the "Sons of the Wild Jackass" tradition, Wayne Morse gives promise of living up to this heritage. Yet the very revolution which has moved the origins of American liberalism from alfalfa field to factory makes it difficult for him to do so. Radicalism in the United States once stemmed from farm and backwoods — the Wobblies of the IWW, the Non-Partisan

League, the Farm Holiday Association. Today the progressive influences in the Congress are men from the centers of trade-union strength, from the great cities of the nation. Wayne Morse represents a state which is predominantly rural, and he is trying his best to defy this trend.

Morse is badgered continually by the leaders of his party in Oregon, many of whom are lobbyists for utilities, chain stores, loan companies and gambling syndicates. They confront him with threats; the latest of these is that he will be opposed for re-election in 1950 by Earl Snell, a vapid and timid public official but the greatest gubernatorial vote-getter in the state's history. Despite his sophisticated appearance Morse reacts emotionally to the almost untenable political situation in which he finds himself, and most of his backsliding has occurred after the thumbscrews were applied in punishment for some liberal escapade. He stumped the West for a slate of Republican Tories when party stalwarts were demanding his scalp because of a sharp attack on Senator Taft. He spoke out abruptly against the New Deal at a time when Oregon lumbermen and bankers were indignant over his criticism of the NAM. On another occasion, Morse believed it desirable to cite the fact that he was quoted approvingly in a book by Eric Johnston, then president of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Morse's dilemma is an old one in American public life. Should a mem-

ber of Congress speak for himself or for the voters who elected him? Norris thought "conscience should be the only guide. Otherwise a member of Congress, giving weight to expressed public sentiment, becomes an automatic voting machine." Norris never trimmed, but there has been only one Norris. Morse is too ambitious to be indifferent to re-election.

Speaking at a banquet honoring what would have been the fifty-fifth birthday of Wendell Willkie, Morse said Willkie had put "country above party" when he refused to campaign against conscription during the 1940 Presidential campaign. Morse implied that he would do the same under similarly grave conditions. Morse probably risks his political life more often than any other member of the present Senate. Were he up for re-election now, the resources of his own party would undoubtedly be thrown against him. Taft, Ball and Wherry are not happy over his warnings against a "return to the tragic economic mistakes made by the Republican party in the twenties." Their plans for the future do not encompass the junior Senator from Oregon, but the junior Senator from Oregon will continue to goad and harass them until at least 1950.

"A Republican insurgent from a Republican state takes his political life in his hands when his party holds power in Congress," the elder La Follette said long ago. Morse, who as a boy in Wisconsin shunned La Folletteism, would no doubt cry amen.

A FOOTNOTE ON L'AMOUR

BY ERNEST L. MEYER

LET's be frank about this. Expensive perfumes are simply man-bait. Canny promotion experts recognize and exploit this fact by describing their fragrant merchandise as seductive, alluring, breathless, dangerous, intriguing, hypnotic, irresistible, taunting, devastating, intoxicating, and romantic, with the suggestion that one whiff will transform a Rover Boy into a Romeo. As a matter of blunt truth, then, when a female traipses about and leaves a trail of \$50-an-ounce *parfum* she is advertising the elemental biological fact that she is receptive to the advances of males either with or without the hope of lawful progeny.

It is not my intention to throw up my hands in pious horror at such erotic come-ons; after all, the urge to love and to procreate is both universal and primal amongst most living creatures, and whatever devices abet this common hunger should not be branded with the stigmata of sin. All that I here report, and with deep regret, is that in the matter of announcing her availability for amour by expensive synthetic laboratory juices the human

female lags far behind her more humble sisters. Among the so-called "lower" animals, the cost of broadcasting the good news that a maiden welcomes the advances of cavaliers is also — and sometimes amazingly — lower. Those lucky beasts are never bedeviled by the high cost of loving.

This does not pretend to be a scientific paper. I am no scientist. I merely want to set down, as accurately as I am able, certain observations in connection with our dog Jo, which is short for Josephine. It may be that I am too sanguine, but I think that if you attend to this anecdote of Jo and her journeyings into the pleasant pastures of romance you will agree that in certain aspects it approaches the supernatural.

We live in the Township of Weston in the State of Connecticut on top of a steep bluff called Fanton Hill. I do not set this down to add local color; the geographical detail is vital to the plot. Fanton Hill, in blizzardy seasons, is almost inaccessible to humans, and, for some reason, quite unattractive to dogs. Even dogs, I assume,

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resent the effort of a stiff upward climb without the guarantee of sure reward in bones or other bounty. True, now and then a strange pup came prowling, but these visits were rare and quite short and sniffish, as if the visitor had found not a single tree in our six acres of woodland worthy of a connoisseur's interest.

And yet, on a snowy night in December, the dog we later baptized Jo came to us out of the white silence with tired and tragic eyes, and refused to go away again. She was a spaniel-plus-something, small and scrawny, but with long red hair which turned beautifully lustrous after we scrubbed the Fanton Hill mud out of her hide. Her owner remained unknown, though we advertised. She had no license tag, yet she must have been reared and cherished by some family, for she was — to our great relief — thoroughly housebroken, and indicated her wants by a scratch at the door which was furtive and, I swear, almost apologetic.

We kept her; she was fun for the kids. And she seemed quite happy even though during the first month not a single eligible pup came calling, either to welcome or to woo. The only other dog on our hill at that time was a twelve-year-old Scottie across the road, a great-grandfather and with the dark dignity of a Supreme Court justice. He called once, briefly and formally. Jo romped and frisked about him playfully, yipping with delight. The Scottie never even barked a "howdy!" but slowly, gravely circled our house and recrossed the

snowy road, a black blot of boredom. The experience chastened our little Jo. She lay for long hours on her cushion by the fireplace, probably pondering with closed eyes the frustrations and the loneliness of dogdom.

And then, only a month later, the miracle happened. It had snowed heavily all night long, and in the morning our road was blocked and Fanton Hill was heaped with drifts blown in some places to a depth of six feet. It was during this night, of all nights, that the cyclical hunger for love and litters came to Jo. And by a wizardry that still seems to me phenomenal she contrived to broadcast through a darkness howling with driven snow the news that she was in a receptive mood for courtiers with honorable intentions. She had not left a spoor on the ground, for Jo, finicky about near-zero weather, had not ventured beyond a few feet from our terrace on the one pre-bedtime occasion that I had let her out. And yet in the morning, disturbed by strange yelps and snarlings in our yard, I scraped the frost off a window, peeped out, and saw that our hill had become the rendezvous for half the snapping, barking, hopefully lascivious blue-blooded Beau Brummels of the dog population in our section of the moral precincts of Fairfield County.

I counted ten in all. I recognized immediately a coach dog belonging to a family more than a mile distant, and a big Belgian sheep dog that had fled a kennel a full three miles down

Lyons Plain Road. There were also two terriers, a schnauzer, a chow, a beagle, a pinscher and two dogs of no definite pedigree, though they did know, definitely, what they wanted. And even as I watched, the ancient Scottie from across the road came plodding painfully, on stubby legs, through the drifts and hung around on the outskirts of the crowd looking all tuckered out, yet willing, in a wistful kind of way.

It was then that I became aware of the behavior of our Jo. She was scratching at the kitchen door. There was nothing apologetic in the scratch; it was impatient — nay, even imperious. The dreadful feeling of being unwanted which had overwhelmed her on her fireside cushion was gone completely. She was the queen now, with a court of cavaliers dancing attendance, and the look she gave me, accompanied by a series of short, excited barks, was not the wheedling glance of a beggar but a royal command.

My wife and I had a brief debate on the issues involved. Dorothy feared that Jo might be torn to shreds by the pack and suggested, that the dog be kept locked in the house. I argued, with no real knowledge of the matter whatever, that suppression of Jo's libido might result in a mess of psychic kinks which would baffle even an experienced veterinary. The decision, however, was taken out of our hands. While we debated, I had unlatched the door and opened it a crack. And Jo, a red thunderbolt,

hurled herself at the door and wriggled, squealing, through the opening. There was a chorus of yowls from the terrace. We saw Jo frisk for a moment with the nearest dog, then dash across the yard with the eleven courtiers in full pursuit, the old Scottie bringing up the rear, his heaving, labored breath forming puffs of vapor in the zero air. In a moment the whole pack vanished behind a high snowdrift which decently hid whatever logical and regrettable events might have followed.

I shall be as kindly as the snowdrift and veil further details of the antic happenings of the three days that followed. Thereafter, Jo slept for long hours, day and night, on her cushion. The condition of her glossy hide was deplorable, but her spirit was tranquil. The dog-pack vanished, and peace and purity descended again on our hilltop. In due course Jo was delivered of four pups, of such fascinating and heart-breaking homeliness that we kept one and had no trouble disposing of the rest to friends. Their breed was totally unclassifiable, but one could see at a glance that there was no trace of Scottie in them, a fact which for some reason made me feel depressed.

These details are mostly beside the point. What engrosses me is the essential magic of the episode. The magic of Jo's imperious summons which penetrated night and the blizzard for a distance of over three miles and inexorably drove all available males,

under the spell of an ancient urge, to battle through snowdrifts to our remote door. Explain it as you will, O you wise men, yet it still remains a phenomenon that, while it may not baffle, will always humble the vaunted intelligence of man.

I once related this story, as I have here set it down, to a visitor at our hill. He laughed and told me the experience of a friend of his, an entomologist. This man had his laboratory in Paris and often went on field expeditions to collect specimens, especially moths and butterflies. On returning from a trip on one warm day, he laid out his collection. There was one moth cocoon, of a rather rare species which he had found in distant woodlands. The cocoon hatched, and the new-born turned

out to be a female. Within a few hours, the entomologist reported, there flew through the open window no less than thirty male moths of the same species and not to be found, to his certain knowledge, within sixty miles of his laboratory.

I admit that my visitor's account topped, in magnitude of mystery, my own poor narrative of Jo. But we agreed that it was a good thing, commercially, that the magic was not shared by the human female. For where would the unhappy hawkers of costly perfume be if our women had the simple secret of moth and mongrel? Bankrupt! A multi-million-dollar industry utterly annihilated, we agreed, aghast, while Jo looked up at us from her cushion with eyes that were wise and serene.

PHRASE ORIGINS—16

TO DICKER: A baseball player who had jumped to the Mexican League announced that he was through "dickering with the powers-that-be in Mexico." I don't know whether he wanted the ante raised by tens, but the word "dicker" originally referred to trades made in groups of ten. The Latin word for a set of ten was decuria, from the Latin decem, which gives us "decimal." Furs and skins were the chief commodities exchanged between the Romans and the tribes in their empire. Possibly because of early man's tendency to count on his fingers, a set of ten became the recognized unit of barter. Although decuria was used mainly for skins, the word also became applied to other objects of trade. In changed form, decuria passed into the Teutonic languages and became "dicker" in English, which was used as a verb. In this country it was applied to bargaining, and "to dicker and swap" occurs in the writings of James Fenimore Cooper. He applied it once more to the fur trade, to the dealings of the early trappers with the Indians.

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

BLOOD PRESSURE, HIGH AND LOW

BY PETER J. STEINCROHN, M.D.

IT is probably correct to say that more people are concerned about the actual height of their blood pressures than with the potential dangers of the atomic bomb. What the layman doesn't know is that high blood pressure is not a disease but a symptom. For example, a man may be overjoyed because his pressure has dropped from 180 systolic to 160. Actually, this means little one way or another. He may feel worse with the 160 than with the 180. It is important to remember that the actual numbers tell only part of the story.

High blood pressure is only one symptom of a disease process, just as pain is only one symptom of appendicitis, or as shortness of breath is only one symptom of heart disease.

The high blood pressure patient may complain about faintness, dizziness, nervousness, headaches, blushing, lightheadedness, numbness and tingling in the arms, excessive perspiration, vertigo and stroke. However, no one with any or all of these symptoms should jump to conclusions.

Vertigo, for example, may be due

to Ménière's syndrome. Numbness and tingling in the arms may be due to a severe case of anemia. Excessive perspiration may be due to a hyperthyroid condition. The stroke may be due to an embolism from a broken-off clot in the heart chambers. A headache or fullness in the head may be due to any of the hundreds of causes of headaches. The lightheadedness and dizziness may be due to a refractive error that an ophthalmologist can easily correct. Blushing may really be the hot flushes due to the menopause. Fainting spells may be due to a lack of sugar in the blood.

These symptoms are important. They should not be passed over lightly. However, someone may have *all* of these symptoms and not have high blood pressure; he also may have *none* of these symptoms and have a pressure of 250 or over. The moral is that no one can be certain about his blood pressure until he has been checked by a doctor.

I have heard many intelligent patients ask, "Do I have blood pressure, Doc-

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tor?" There is a widespread impression that just having blood pressure itself is abnormal.

Blood pressure is a normal state in every human being. There can be no life without blood pressure of some kind, whether it be normal, high or low. The maintenance of blood pressure depends upon the heart, the blood vessels and the vasomotor nervous system. They are all intimately interconnected. They are normally in excellent balance, but involvement of any one of the three may disturb that balance.

Blood pressure depends primarily upon the beat of the heart and the resistance which is offered to the flow of blood in the various vessels. Usually, the greater the force of the contraction and the greater the volume of the blood expelled, the greater the pressure. It is also usually true that the greater the resistance in the smaller arterioles the higher the blood pressure.

In reading blood pressure, two phases are considered: the systolic and the diastolic. The diastolic, or lower, pressure is the more important. It indicates the amount of pressure exerted by the blood on the walls of the arteries; this pressure is independent of the heartbeat. The systolic pressure refers to the contraction of the heart by which the blood is forced onward and the circulation kept up. The difference between the systolic and the diastolic pressures is called the pulse pressure.

The systolic blood pressure has

greater variations under normal physiological conditions than the diastolic pressure. Estimation of the latter is therefore more reliable, the more so since it gives a truer indication of the state of the arterioles.

The upper limits of normal blood pressure are 140-150 systolic over 90 diastolic. A person with repeated readings over these figures may be considered to have hypertension. Those who are forty years of age and have a systolic blood pressure of 100 or 110 can be thankful. Insurance companies have shown that people with low blood pressures are longer-lived.

In the old days, doctors often gave injections and pills to bring the pressure up in such instances. They used to say, "You have low blood pressure," as if they were calling attention to a disease. Low blood pressure, unless it is associated with organic disease (such as disease of the adrenal glands or tuberculosis), or unless it is the result of a sudden drop, as in coronary occlusion, is not abnormal. It is, as a rule, something to be thankful for.

Normal blood pressure is *not* 100 plus the age. If a man of 70 has a pressure of 170/100, he is suffering from high blood pressure. His systolic and diastolic pressures should not range above 150 and 90 millimeters of mercury respectively.

Blood pressure varies widely in youth. The new-born baby has a systolic pressure of anywhere from 20 to 60. At the end of the first month it is about 80. From then on the rise is gradual, reaching about 105 systolic

between the twelfth and fourteenth years. It is about 120 at the age of seventeen.

Up to the time of the menopause the systolic pressure for women averages six to ten millimeters lower than for men. Afterwards the average pressure for women is slightly higher than for males.

An understanding of the factors which influence the rise and fall of blood pressure can aid many people in keeping their pressure within normal limits:

Obesity is generally associated with higher blood pressure. The average systolic pressure for heavy individuals is five to ten millimeters higher than for those of light weight.

Exercise raises blood pressure rapidly. During physical exertion it may rise to 200 systolic and 110 diastolic. In a healthy person, it should fall back to normal in two to four minutes.

Sleep, if it is restful, causes a fall in systolic pressure of twenty to thirty millimeters. The fall is most marked during the first few hours of sleep; afterwards the pressure gradually rises. Nightmarish sleep, however, may cause the systolic to rise as high as 200.

Meals may increase the systolic pressure about ten millimeters. Add this apparently small rise to an already high blood pressure and it is easy to see why doctors are always repeating: "No large meals. It's better to take five or six small ones."

Emotions like anger, fear, excitement and worry invariably bring on higher pressures. This may be due to the increased flow of adrenalin into the blood stream, though there are other causes. Whatever the underlying cause, emotion is to high blood pressure as gasoline is to a fire. Either can be disastrous.

Age factors are important. It has been found that eighty to ninety per cent of the sufferers from hypertension are between the ages of 40 and 69. However, no age is immune. A case has been reported of a two-year-old boy with a pressure of 195/135.

The diagnosis of essential hypertension is usually a simple matter. However, there are so many psychological and physiological pitfalls that a patient should not feel discouraged when his doctor takes a long time in arriving at a diagnosis. The important thing to remember is that the numerical blood-pressure readings are not important in themselves. Physicians and patients should both emphasize that these numerical readings reflect only symptoms, and that they have different meanings for different individuals.

We know that at the beginning of hypertension there is a constriction of the peripheral arterioles. We know that some obscure factor which we call a *pressor substance* causes the rise. Just what this substance is or how it acts we do not know.

About ninety-five per cent of all cases of hypertension are *essential hypertension*, or, in other words, high

blood pressure due to causes unknown. The other five per cent are called *secondary* arterial hypertension.

Various types of treatment have been suggested to combat essential hypertension. Fever produced artificially by the injection of foreign proteins has been tried. Some investigators are using renal extract. Several diets, including one based on rice, have been tried. Large doses of Vitamin A have been given, even up to almost 500,000 units daily, without good results. Operations known as renal omentopexy and nephropexy have also failed to insure recovery.

The only operation that occasionally seems to offer some help is one known as sympathectomy. This, however, is intended chiefly to relieve the symptoms; it does not hope to banish the original cause of the hypertension.

Sedatives like bromides and phenobarbital are used. Venesection, or the removal of blood from a vein to reduce the load in all the blood vessels, has been tried. Sometimes spinal fluid tap is employed to alleviate headache. When aspirin and similar drugs do not help, magnesium sulphate is sometimes injected.

If the patient has a severe nosebleed, which many hypertensive patients have, it is best not to stop the bleeding too soon. Very often this is nature's protective measure to relieve the hypertension. Many patients have been saved from internal hemorrhages by nosebleeds.

But the most effective treatment for hypertension lies in persuading the patient to accept a new way of life. This is often extremely difficult for the doctor. One 45-year-old patient told me recently: "My mind is still young. I still use lipstick. When I go someplace where there is dancing, I feel bad at having to take a back seat. It depresses me."

It is this unwillingness, or rather inability, of some of the patients to adjust themselves to new limitations which is the greatest obstacle the physician has to overcome. They can't swap the old way for the new. They can't face reality. Or if they can face it, they don't think life is worth living at a slower rate.

However, they have to make their choice. If the choice is the wrong one, they must realize that their lives may be shortened by many years.

SYMBOLS

BY INEZ CLARK THORSON

Tinkling
Of ice in tall
Glasses is like laughter
On lips that will not sing of love
Again.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



BLUE RIBBONS AND BLACK

HEREWITH, this department's nominations of relative merit and demerit for the theatrical season of 1946-1947, beginning September first and ending May first.

MERITS

The best new dramatic play: *The Iceman Cometh*, by Eugene O'Neill.

The best new comedy: *The Fatal Weakness*, by George Kelly.

The best new musical show: *Finian's Rainbow*, by E. Y. Harburg, Fred Saidy, and Burton Lane.

The best revival: *The Importance of Being Earnest*, by the John Gielgud London company.

The best male acting performance, dramatic: Donald Wolfitt, in *Volpone*.

The best female performance, dramatic: Ina Claire, in *The Fatal Weakness*.

The best male performance, musical: Albert Sharpe, in *Finian's Rainbow*.

The best female performance, musical: Marion Bell, in *Brigadoon*.

The best stage director, dramatic: George Kelly, in *The Fatal Weakness*, with John Gielgud, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, the close runner-up.

The best stage director, musical: Robert Lewis, in *Brigadoon*.

The best scene designer, dramatic: Robert Edmond Jones, in *The Iceman Cometh*.

The best scene designer, musical: Oliver Smith, in *Beggar's Holiday*.

The best costume designer, dramatic: Cecil Beaton, in *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

The best costume designer, musical: Eleanor Goldsmith, in *Finian's Rainbow*.

The best stage lighting, dramatic: Jo Mielziner, in *Happy Birthday*.

The best stage lighting, musical: Peggy Clark, in *Beggar's Holiday*.

The best novice actor's performance: Tom Pedi, in *The Iceman Cometh*.

The best novice actress' performance: Jennifer Howard, in *The Fatal Weakness*.

The best child actor: Richard Tyler, in *Christopher Blake*.

- The best child actress: Sybil Stocking, in *The Bees and the Flowers*.
- The best musical show composer: Still Oscar Straus, in *The Chocolate Soldier*.
- The best lyric writer: Langston Hughes, in *Street Scene*.
- The best orchestrations: Kurt Weill's, in *Street Scene*.
- The best choreographer: Agnes de Mille, in *Brigadoon*.
- The best male diction: John Gielgud, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- The best female diction: Margaret Rutherford, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- The most amusing scene, dramatic: That in *The Iceman Cometh* wherein Harry Hope who has not been out of his saloon in years finally braves the idea of going out-of-doors.
- The most amusing scene, musical: That in *Finian's Rainbow* wherein the Southern Negrophobe senator is turned into a black, joins up with a colored quartet, and finds it all very jolly and agreeable.
- The best bit of stage business: Still the dropping of the match and cigarette ashes on Mrs. Craig's beloved carpet by her finally rebellious husband, in the revival of *Craig's Wife*.
- The best character actor: Dudley Digges, in *The Iceman Cometh*.
- The best character actress: Margaret Douglass, in *The Fatal Weakness*.
- The best dramatic comedian: John Gielgud, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- The best musical show comedian: Bobby Clark, in *Sweethearts*.
- The best dramatic comédienne: Ina Claire, in *The Fatal Weakness*.
- The best musical show comédienne: Leonora Corbett, in *Park Avenue*.
- The best new dramatic curtain: That to *The Fatal Weakness* wherein the romantic, divorced wife appears dressed exactly like the co-respondent in preparation for her attendance upon the wedding of the latter and her quondam husband.
- The best new song: The "Lilac Bush" number in *Street Scene*.
- The most beautiful actress: Pamela Ward, in *Lady Windermere's Fan*.
- The best subsidiary rôle actor, dramatic: Loring Smith, in *John Loves Mary*.
- The best subsidiary rôle actress, dramatic: Pamela Brown, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- The best subsidiary rôle actor, musical: George Keane, in *Brigadoon*.
- The best subsidiary rôle actress, musical: Mildred Smith, in *Beggar's Holiday*.
- The most effective costume: The bridal dress in *Finian's Rainbow*.
- The best example of casting, dramatic: *The Fatal Weakness*, with *The Importance of Being Earnest* a close second.
- The best example of casting, musical: *Brigadoon*.
- The relatively best of the Hollywood refugee actors, dramatic: Stephen Bekassy, in *The Whole World Over*.
- The relatively best of the Hollywood refugee actresses, dramatic: Ingrid Bergman, in *Joan of Lorraine*.
- The relatively best of the Hollywood

refugee actors, musical: Raymond Walburn, in *Park Avenue*.

The relatively best of the Hollywood refugee actresses, musical: Anne Jeffreys, in *Street Scene*.

The actor who made the most of little: Arthur Hunnicutt, in *Mr. Peebles and Mr. Hooker*.

The actress who made the most of little: Enid Markey, in *Happy Birthday*.

The most promising of the newer actors, dramatic: Sam Wanamaker, in *Joan of Lorraine*.

The most promising of the newer actresses, dramatic: Jean Parker, in *Loco*.

The most promising of the newer actors, musical: Donald Richards, in *Finian's Rainbow*.

The most promising of the newer actresses, musical: Marion Bell, in *Brigadoon*.

The best new dance team: Sheila Bond and Danny Daniels, in *Street Scene*.

The best solo entertainer: Still Maurice Chevalier.

The funniest gag: The character in *Park Avenue*, who insists that a single maxim influenced his whole life, and who then, despite assiduous head-scratching, can't remember what it was.

The best translation: *Cyrano de Bergerac*, by Brian Hooker.

DEMERITS

The worst play: *Maid in the Ozarks*, by Claire Parrish.

The worst musical show: *Toplitzky of*

Notre Dame, by George Marion, Jr., and Sammy Fain.

The worst revival: *What Every Woman Knows*, with John Gabriel Borkman in a dead heat, both by the American Repertory Company.

The worst male star acting performance, dramatic: James Barton, in *The Iceman Cometh*.

The worst female star acting performance, dramatic: Elisabeth Bergner, in *The Duchess of Malfi*.

The worst male acting performance, musical: Joe Besser, in *If the Shoe Fits*.

The worst female acting performance, musical: Lillian Held, in *Yours Is My Heart*.

The poorest performance by an established actor, dramatic: Walter Abel, in *Parlor Story*.

The poorest performance by an established actress, dramatic: Eva Le Gallienne, in *Henry VIII*.

The poorest performance by an established actor, musical: Gus Van, in *Toplitzky of Notre Dame*.

The poorest performance by an established actress, musical: Ella Logan, in *Finian's Rainbow*.

The worst ensemble performance: *Hamlet*, as presented by the Donald Wolfitt company.

The worst stage director: Alexander Kirkland, in *A Family Affair*.

The worst stage setting, dramatic: *A Family Affair*, by Sam Leve.

The worst stage setting, musical: *Park Avenue*, by Donald Oenslager.

The worst costumes, dramatic: Ernest Stern's in *King Lear*.

- The worst costumes, musical: *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*, by Alvin Colt.
- The worst stage lighting, dramatic: *Wonderful Journey*.
- The worst stage lighting, musical: *Toplitzky of Notre Dame*.
- The worst score: *Toplitzky of Notre Dame*.
- The worst lyrics: *Toplitzky of Notre Dame*.
- The most miscast actor: Arnold Moss, as the newspaper managing editor, in *The Front Page*.
- The most miscast actress: June Duprez, in *What Every Woman Knows*.
- The worst play title: *Love Goes to Press*.
- The worst actor mugger: Philip Loeb, in *Wonderful Journey*.
- The worst actress mugger: Carmen Matthews, in *Made in Heaven*.
- The actor who made the most noise: Fredric March, in *Years Ago*, with Tonio Selwart, in *Temper the Wind*, the runner-up.
- The worst line of dialogue, dramatic: "It is safer to have a mad panther in a castle than an idealistic poet," in *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, by Jean Cocteau.
- The worst line of dialogue, musical: Upon hearing a loud off-stage noise, "That must be the crack of dawn," in *Finian's Rainbow*.
- The worst plot: *It Takes Two*, by Virginia Faulkner and Dana Suesse.
- The worst experimental play and production: *If in the Greenwood*, by Victoria Kuhn, produced by the Blackfriars' Guild.
- The worst waste of money: The \$250,000 spent on *Toplitzky of Notre Dame*.
- The most boring rôle: That of the queen in *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, acted by Tallulah Bankhead.
- The most disappointing play: *Another Part of the Forest*, by Lillian Hellman.
- The most disappointing musical: *Park Avenue*, by George S. Kaufman and Nunnally Johnson.
- The dirtiest exhibit: *Maid in the Ozarks*.
- The most ridiculous character: The obvious pixie protagonist of *Present Laughter* who is presented as immersed in various sexual affairs with the ladies.
- The critically most overpraised play: *All My Sons*, by Arthur Miller.
- The critically most overpraised actor: Arthur Kennedy, in *All My Sons*.
- The critically most overpraised actress: Ingrid Bergman, in *Joan of Lorraine*.
- The sickliest sentiment: The prayer of the young son of the divorcing parents, in *Christopher Blake*, by Moss Hart.
- The worst costume: The dress worn in Acts I and II of *Craig's Wife* by Judith Evelyn.
- The worst overplaying, male: Arnold Moss, in *The Front Page*.
- The worst overplaying, female: Eugénie Leontovich, in *Obsession*.
- The worst classical actor: Geoffrey Wilkinson, in the Donald Wolfitt Shakespearean repertory.

The worst classical actress: Violet Farebrother, ditto.

The worst example of pretentious writing: Jean Cocteau, in *The Eagle Has Two Heads*.

The actor apparently most enchanted by himself: Dean Harens, in *Tenting Tonight*.

The actress apparently most enchanted by herself: Luba Malina, in *Lovely Me*.

The poorest stage direction by an established director: Bretaigne Windust, in *Parlor Story*.

The worst of the cinema refugee actors, dramatic: James Mason, in *Bathsheba*.

The worst of the cinema refugee actors, musical: Alexander d'Arcy, in *Yours Is My Heart*.

The worst of the cinema refugee actresses: Claire Trevor, in *The Big Two*.

The worst juvenile performance: Joel Marston, in *A Family Affair*.

The worst ingénue performance: Jewel Curtis, in *A Family Affair*.

The worst character actor: Anatole Winogradoff, in *A Family Affair*.

The worst makeup: That of the Negro, Canada Lee, in the rôle of a white, in *The Duchess of Malfi*.

The worst collapse: The American Repertory Company.

MISS HELEN LANG

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Who now remembers Miss Helen Lang,
The music teacher who loved to bang
Beethoven loud on the listening air
When windows were open everywhere?

In the hot suburban afternoon
Both leaves and people hung in a swoon,
Limp on the tree and limp in the swing,
Except for Miss Helen Lang, poor thing.

"Her piano keys are the keys to Hell,"
My mother said. "She plays very well,"
Answered Aunt Ella to be perverse;
Aunt Marion's "Lordy!" was like a curse.

My aunts are dead and so is my mother;
I suppose that I and my sisters and brother
Alone remember Miss Helen Lang
Who loved Beethoven played with a bang.

RUSSIA VS. AMERICA ON THE AIR

BY NEAL STANFORD

THE broadcasts which the United States began beaming to the Soviet Union last February are effectively piercing the iron curtain. They are actually reaching into Russian homes. And they are also, it appears, getting under the Politburo's skin.

Radio is the only way the United States can get news and views uncensored into the Soviet Union. Best proof of the effectiveness of these programs was Ilya Ehrenburg's double-barrelled attack on them in Moscow's *Culture and Life*. Though the American programs are built around straight news broadcasts, such as Bill Henry or Lowell Thomas reports daily to the American people, Ehrenburg used such typical Communist epithets as "false," "in bad taste," "hostile," and "the servile echo of reactionaries" to denounce them.

These American broadcasts to the Russian people were on the air less than two months when Moscow assigned its ablest political satirist and polemicist to attack them. Twice within ten days Ehrenburg used satire, ridicule and name-calling in excoriating the Voice of America. Con-

sidering that the BBC, which also hurdles the iron curtain with daily newscasts, had to wait eighteen months for the Soviet régime to recognize its effectiveness with a polemic, Washington officials were genuinely surprised and pleased to discover so soon that they were achieving their objective — to be heard.

It is interesting to note the Kremlin's reasons for becoming so agitated over the broadcasts. Since Moscow directs four and a half hours of programs westward to the United States every day to America's one hour going eastward, it might be expected that the loudest complaints would be heard in this country.

There are four reasons why Washington does not give two kopecks for the psychological warfare being conducted against the United States by Radio Moscow:

First, the number of Americans who listen to the Soviet programs, either to the four hours of English or the half hour of Yiddish broadcast daily, is infinitesimal. Possibly a few Communists tune in, but State Department officials have had less luck

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than Diogenes in trying to locate any popular following in America for Radio Moscow.

Second, reception in the United States of the Soviet broadcasts is very poor. Moscow's propaganda comes in direct, without benefit of relay. By the time it has spanned Europe and the Atlantic it is not much above a whisper.

Third, the broadcasts are made up of blatant propaganda rather than news, and have no appeal for listeners searching for facts.

Fourth, America's free press and free speech provide Soviet propaganda with much better ways of contaminating the American mind. Americans who want to keep abreast of the Party line have the *Daily Worker*, the Soviet Embassy publications and scores of fellow-traveling periodicals operating openly in the United States — all of which can be followed much more easily than Radio Moscow.

But to say that Washington considers Moscow's radio programs to the United States wasted breath is not to assume that American officials take the same view about the Kremlin's anti-American propaganda elsewhere. Assistant Secretary of State William Benton has characterized Moscow's persistent portrayal of America as "imperialistic, militaristic, undemocratic, reactionary, and culturally backward" as nothing short of "international libel."

For the Kremlin deliberately to feed Russian people these distortions

and misconceptions about America is one thing. For it blatantly to spread them throughout the rest of the world is quite another. To counteract this psychological warfare Moscow is waging against the United States on a global basis, America has devised an elaborate overseas broadcasting program involving 36 shortwave transmitters and programs in 25 languages. This is the venture that certain Congressmen would prune out of existence, which was almost blocked in the House Appropriations Committee last April, yet which both President Truman and Secretary Marshall have described as absolutely essential.

II

The four reasons why Washington is unconcerned by Moscow's shortwave programs to the United States, however, turn out to be the ones that have caused the Kremlin to react so violently to America's brief try at reaching the Russian people. The conditions which nullify the effectiveness of Radio Moscow in America are the very ones that have made the American broadcasts to Russia so effective.

First, the Voice of America comes in strong and generally clear in the USSR. In contrast to the whisper which reaches America from Moscow, the American programs are frequently as audible in Russia as are local Soviet stations. This is because Washington relays the Voice of America to Russia via powerful transmitters at Munich.

Second, whereas Moscow's shortwave programs are mostly propa-

ganda, the Voice of America is just the reverse. Its hour program that hits Moscow at 9:00 P.M. is roughly divided into three parts — 20 minutes of news, 20 minutes of music, and 20 minutes of features on American science, art, politics and education. The news reports read like any American press summary of the day's events. There may be fifteen or twenty items packed into the 20 minutes. They are presented in a straightforward and objective manner, like the following excerpt:

Lake Success, February 19 — The United Nations Security Council heard yesterday the USSR plan for Atomic Energy control. USSR delegate Gromyko proposed a series of amendments to the plan which has been agreed upon by the Atomic Energy Commission. The Soviet delegate stressed the three following points: first, that the production and possession of atomic weapons should be outlawed immediately; second, following this measure, a system of international control of atomic energy should be created free of the right of veto; and third, the preservation of the principle of unanimity, which means retention of the right of veto for issues concerned with the punishment of atom pact violators. The Polish delegate Mihailovsky supported the Soviet plan. Today the Council will continue further study of the atomic control problems.

Here are no propaganda phrases and accusatory comments such as appear in every Soviet broadcast; no sneide references to Soviet policy or personalities; no charges of Soviet imperialism, duplicity or reaction. If there is a train wreck in the United States of any size, it is mentioned. If

there is a strike, a riot or a lynching it also gets covered. Washington tries not to play the news up or down — just to record it.

For example, on April seventh it gave brief mention to the following list of events without editorial comment: Molotov's note to Marshall on China; De Gaulle's comments on Franco-American friendship; the Japanese elections; a report by the Marines of a Communist attack on their depôt in China; the suicide of a leading Nazi; the Dutch-Belgian-Luxembourg customs union plan; the story of Hitler's worst day, as disclosed in captured Nazi documents; the spread of the Paraguayan revolt; the elections in Chile; a speech by Gromyko before the Security Council; the American telephone strike; and floods in Michigan.

There is also no propaganda in the music period of these programs, though the Politburo, which considers music a propaganda weapon, no doubt reads anti-Soviet overtones into Rise Stevens singing *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* or the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra playing Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major.

The 20 minutes of each broadcast devoted to explanations of America, its way of life, its social, economic and political structure undoubtedly come the nearest to propaganda of any part of the hour's program. Yet they are similar to what any American can read in an encyclopedia or technical treatise — and, unfortunately, frequently as dull. Thus the Voice of

America has discussed for the benefit of its Russian listeners such topics as American cafeterias and automats, American census figures, Florida oranges, commuters in New York, fluorescent lighting, night truck driving, and cardiovascular diseases. It has carried dissertations on Longfellow and artificial snow, on motels and double stars, on Yellowstone National Park and surgical refrigeration.

A third reason why the Kremlin has taken offense at the Voice of America is that whereas Radio Moscow does not tell Americans anything they cannot learn as quickly and much easier at home, the American programs regularly give the Russians news items the Politburo has killed or censored. The Russians, then, have a real incentive to listen to American broadcasts. Until the BBC and the Voice of America began broadcasting to the Soviet Union, the Russians were not only being given a selective portion of each day's news, but a distorted picture of even that part.

It is necessary to review only a few weeks' coverage of world news by the Soviet radio to spot the blanks in Moscow's reporting of important events. In the week ending April 4, 1947, for example, the Soviet home radio kept silent on the following international developments that made headlines in the rest of the world: Secretary Marshall's letter replying to Molotov's charges that American troops were causing civil war in China; the Security Council's unanimous approval of an American trust-

teeship over the former Japanese-mandated islands; and negotiations for a revised Anglo-Soviet alliance.

The previous week, ending March 28, the Soviet radio ignored the following news developments: the failure of the USSR to be represented at the opening session of the Trusteeship Council; the Soviet agreement to turn the administration of Dairen over to China; China's decision to declare the Communist Party illegal; and approval of the Italian-Vatican accord by Italian Communists.

The fact that Russians can now get day-to-day coverage of world news, instead of waiting for it to be sifted, censored and converted into propaganda by Radio Moscow undoubtedly accounts for much of the listening by Russians to BBC and the Voice of America. One thing these English daily programs to Russia have brought about is the speedup of Soviet news coverage. They have forced Moscow's press and radio into competition with the highly competitive news-disseminating agencies of the West. With London and Washington now beaming daily up-to-the-minute reports to the USSR, the Kremlin is finding it cannot afford to be constantly scooped on the news by the "degenerate" Anglo-Saxon press and radio.

III

The fourth, and most important reason, however, why Moscow so quickly panned the Voice of America, is without doubt that it was winning listeners daily. Washington daily learns of

both Soviet officials and ordinary Russian citizens tuning in regularly.

There may be only 75,000 short-wave receiving sets in Russia today capable of picking up the Voice of America broadcasts. But there is a grapevine in the Soviet Union that quickly spreads whatever American news is heard. Where one Russian listens to the American newscasts, ten get it second hand, and how many third, fourth, and fifth hand is anyone's guess.

The following are but a few recent authenticated instances of Russians listening to the Voice of America which have been called to Washington's attention:

On April 8, 1947, while a family in Moscow was listening to the Voice of America, seven other families in the same apartment building got wind of the event and dropped in. Before leaving they all asked to be allowed to share the programs daily.

On March 28, neighbors of a Soviet general heard his daughter call out to him: "Come, Papa, the American program is starting." And on the same day relatives of a Moscow family arrived from Leningrad during the Voice of America broadcast. When it was over they expressed great pleasure with it. The visitors reported listening regularly in their home city and said that reception was generally good there.

On April 10, the wife of an American correspondent, learning that Serge Koussevitsky was going to speak on the American program that day,

called a Soviet composer, a friend of hers, to tell him about it. When she got him the program was already on, and she found he was listening to it.

On March 18, a Soviet intellectual, back in Moscow from a rest cure outside the city, reported that guests there listened nightly to both BBC and the Voice of America. This same day it was learned that a group of engineers in a Soviet enterprise, who regularly listen to both BBC and the Voice of America, talk them over every morning and pass on the news they have picked up to their fellow workers. Members of this group reported hearing President Truman's speech on aid to Greece and Turkey.

On March 22, two Russians who worked for Radio Moscow were engaged in conversation at the Grand Hotel bar. They explained they listened regularly to the Voice of America, one observing that it was good to hear some truthful news.

On the twenty-second also a Russian clerk was heard saying that she and her husband had saved up 1700 rubles and bought a vefsuper radio, as they wanted to hear something beside Radio Moscow. On the same day a Russian made inquiries at the American Embassy about how to get one of the Bibles that the previous night's broadcast from America had mentioned were being shipped to the USSR.

On March 30, an official of the Soviet television industry, having heard the Voice of America's description of progress in color television,

asked the Embassy for a copy of the script and for any other pertinent material. The same day, Soviet film director Eisenstein, learning that his movie, *Ivan the Terrible*, had been mentioned on the Voice of America, asked the embassy for all available American press and magazine reviews of it.

Such examples, which could be multiplied many fold, are evidence that the Russian people are listening to the Voice of America. The Ehrenburg salvos only confirm the evidence, while exposing the Kremlin's concern for such extra-curricular listening by its citizens.

IV

Any analysis of Soviet radio programs quickly discloses a repetitious sameness in basic techniques, line and objectives. Thus, Soviet broadcasts are constantly derogatory of America, its policies, its society and its personalities. In a four weeks' analysis of Moscow's programs beamed to the States, Washington officials could not find one good word expressed for this country. America is regularly described as imperialistic, undemocratic, militaristic, reactionary and uncultured. Conversely, the USSR is always the only true democracy, the real friend of the small and weak.

Because America's free speech and press allow all manner of comments and criticism of American policy and action, it is no task at all for Soviet editorials and commentators, by selecting quotations from American publi-

cations, to make America damn itself daily. Radio Moscow will use *PM* or the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, Walter Lippmann or Johannes Steel with equal alacrity to make America conform to the Soviet stereotype for Uncle Sam.

Thus, if America refuses a country a loan, it is rich and selfish. If it grants a loan, it is enslaving foreign peoples, using dollars to attain its mad design of world domination. If it refuses to accept any and every Russian demand, whether for reparations, boundaries, on the atomic know-how, it is threatening Big-Power unanimity and undermining the United Nations.

The following examples from recent Soviet broadcasts directed to the United States, point up the Kremlin's conception of radio as (to quote Soviet Vice Foreign Minister Vishinsky) an "instrument of propaganda and agitation."

On February 5, *Pravda* correspondent Zhukov, following a guest tour of America, described to his erstwhile hosts and hostesses the terrible economic condition in which he had found their country:

Housewives were smashing windows in meatshops and blaming the government. . . . A mob in the Bronx smashed windows when they couldn't get any sugar. . . . Because of the housing shortage people are willing to move into any shack or slums. . . . The earnings of the working people do not even provide for subsistence level.

This was the observation of a guest, from a capital which takes offense

at any American reference to economic troubles in the USSR, which forbids American newsmen to travel freely in Russia as Zhukov traveled in the United States, and which has such a low living standard that American Okies would rebel against it.

On February 22, Soviet commentator Kunetsov thought fit to take Washington to task in a broadcast for "direct interference in the home affairs of Rumania," after we had insisted that any food relief shipped there must be distributed on non-political, non-racial grounds. This was Kunetsov's cue for lecturing Americans on how Uncle Sam was using "food and money to enslave economically-weaker countries." In contrast, "the disinterested assistance which Bulgaria is offering Rumania is a real triumph for democracy."

On February 23, Soviet commentator Colonel Voronin again demonstrated how the Red Army won the war all by itself. He did not deny that there was a cross-channel invasion, but, he pointed out to his American audience, it was only undertaken "when it became apparent that the Soviet Army was capable of completing the destruction of the Nazi war machine, of occupying all of Germany, and of liberating France alone without allied help." His extensive review of the war contained no mention of the Nazi-Soviet pact which touched off the fighting, of the Battle of Britain when London alone stood off Hitler, or of American lend-lease which Premier Stalin once credited

with saving the Red Army. In addition to winning the war unaided, Colonel Voronin had the Soviet Union magnanimously and unilaterally "restoring independence to the peoples of Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Austria, and granting them full opportunity to establish the system of state that the majority of their peoples desired."

On March 7, Soviet historian-commentator Dr. Lemin extolled for the benefit of American listeners the benefits of the Russo-Polish alliance of 1945 and the more recent economic agreements between the two countries. He described to Americans, as an example of how international relations should be practiced, Russia's loan of \$28 million to Warsaw, and its promise to arm and train the Polish army. Conspicuous by its absence was any explanation of why Poland, if it needed financial and economic aid, should not have gone to the United Nations, since at about the same time Soviet spokesmen were frantically accusing Washington of bypassing that organization in giving aid to Greece and Turkey.

After months of following Radio Moscow in its constant anti-American propaganda only two conclusions appear possible. If the Kremlin's intention is to try to win American listeners then the Politburo has not even an elementary knowledge of human psychology. One does not call a man a liar, a thief, a bully and a nitwit, and then expect to be treated like the prodigal son, or given an IOU for a

billion dollars, the amount Stalin has said he would like. If the Kremlin's purpose, however, is to build up hostility, create a world environment of fear and suspicion, to wall off Russia from the rest of the world, then, of course, Radio Moscow is aiding in that design.

Washington's immediate problem, which certain Congressmen refuse to face, is neutralizing this constant Soviet vilification of America. Actually it is part of a longer-range and larger problem of how to establish working

relations with a government that has a stranglehold on all information channels in its country and can arbitrarily turn them in this or that direction, against first one, then another power.

Washington, with the Voice of America, has tried and succeeded in breaking through the layers of misinformation and ignorance that make up Moscow's selective and slanted outpouring of anti-American propaganda. But the ultimate solution of the problem of cooperation does not lie in Washington. It rests in Moscow.

THREE OBITUARIES

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

He lived as if
He would never die.
He died before his time.

II

She scorned hearts and flowers
And shunned moonlight.
She left her hopes,
Bank books and old letters
To the school principal's children.

III

Always she was afraid
Of the indecent loneliness
Of Sundays and holidays.
She prayed that the
Hereafter would be
One long weekday.
She died on Wednesday,
Which was Memorial Day,
And was buried on Sunday.

JEFFERSON: THE MAN AND THE MYTH

BY NATHAN SCHACHNER

IT is a tribute to the continued vitality of Jefferson's ideas that most Americans today unhesitatingly equate democracy with the lanky, lounging third President of the United States. Not a year passes but some book comes off the press with a title like *Democracy*, by Thomas Jefferson or *The Living Jefferson* or *Jefferson, Apostle of Americanism*. The Democratic party, especially in election years, is tireless in calling attention to the "principles of Jeffersonian democracy"; while the Republicans, forgetful of their former animosity, similarly seek to clothe themselves in the sacred mantle. We went through one great war sincerely believing that we were making the world safe for democracy (Jeffersonian model) and we have ended another one, perhaps a trifle more cynically, with battle cries taken from the same inexhaustible arsenal. There is no question that while we consider Washington the technical father of our country, it is Jefferson that we hail as midwife, nurse and teacher all in one.

Yet what is this word "democracy"

that we use so glibly? Of all the words in the English language it is one of the most elusive and difficult to define. Granted that it exists in measurable quantity in America today, is it the same thing that Jefferson wrote and spoke about so eloquently? Would he, if somehow transported to modern times, recognize the child of which he was the putative father?

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Every American will recognize these immortal phrases from the second paragraph of the Declaration of Inde-

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pendence, drafted by Thomas Jefferson. Most will add that they constitute the perfect definition of democracy, as apt today as they were in the days of the Revolution. When he wrote them Jefferson himself believed that he was laying down the fundamental principles on which a great nation could be built. Possibly; but is the United States that nation? Have we gone along the path that Jefferson so carefully mapped in the Declaration and elsewhere? A close examination of these questions may help strip away the myth with which Jefferson has been surrounded and disclose the truth.

II

The eighteenth century into which Thomas Jefferson was born was stirred by noble phrases based, it was thought, on "reason" and "right thinking." Man in a state of nature was free and equal, was so created by God. By express contract he had entered voluntarily with his fellows into a society or state, reserving to himself certain unalienable rights. Since government was the expression of a mere civil contract, any attempt by government to take away those rights violated the contract and permitted its citizens to dissolve it.

Jefferson was the child of his age. He read Locke, Harrington, Kames and others of the political and legal philosophers; he incorporated their very language in the Declaration. In only one particular did he make a change, though that change is most

significant. For the usual trinity of "life, liberty and property" he wrote "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" — a far-reaching change, if taken seriously.

It followed, therefore, that Jefferson mistrusted government, except insofar as it expressed the wishes of the people. For such mistrust he had sound historical reasons; in the Old World, at least, government was imposed from above without the consent of the governed, and reckless in its disregard of "life, liberty and property." The pursuit of happiness was not even thought of, except for a favored few.

Even given the consent of the governed, Jefferson felt uneasy in the presence of controls. For the "governed" included the mechanics and factory workers of the towns as well as the farm owners in whom he delighted. "I consider the class of artificers as the panders of vice, and the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned," he wrote. "The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government, as sores do to the strength of the human body."

To him "pure government" could be based only on ownership of the land; not in huge estates, but in small, individual holdings. A vast, industrialized America, with belching factories, armies of workers, national labor unions and sky-piercing cities would have been a nightmare to him. When Hamilton adumbrated such a prospect in his *Report on Manu-*

factures, Jefferson fought it with every weapon at his command. He would even have liked to disenfranchise the factory workers, or at least to dismantle the large factories and force the workers back to the life of farmers.

Accordingly, Jefferson was not completely satisfied by the Constitution of the United States, even with the Bill of Rights attached, despite all its limitations on the sovereign power of the Federal government. Government at a distance, as must necessarily develop in such a sprawling country as America, inevitably tended to get into the hands of the men of the cities — the merchants, bankers, traders and factory owners, with their masses of employees — and out of the hands of the yeomen of the soil. The former were in compact groups, and possessed of that potent weapon of corruption, ready money; the latter were dispersed, isolated and without hard cash.

What he saw after he entered the government as Secretary of State only hardened his theoretical opinions. The Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, worked brilliantly to achieve just that type of nation which Jefferson loathed and feared — a strong, overriding national government with all power in the hands of the rich and well-born.

The struggle was almost immediately joined. Since government was at best a necessary evil, Jefferson fought to limit it in every possible way. Liberty, he proclaimed, resided in the individual; tyranny in the mass.

Every power assumed by government infringed by that much on the freedom of the individual. Therefore powers assigned to government should be kept to the irreducible minimum. Let the nation be weak rather than strong and, *ipso facto*, tyrannical. The United States as a loose-bound confederacy, isolated by a wide ocean from a corrupt Europe, would be happy and free. A centralized government, because of its very nature, would seek compulsion at home and aggrandizing wars abroad.

The struggle was long and bitter. Hamilton sought to expand the powers granted to government by the Constitution, Jefferson moved heaven and earth to contract them. Hamilton emerged the victor, and Jefferson resigned.

III

But he was not to remain long in retirement. The victorious party of Hamilton, with its emphasis on the rich and well-born, aroused the fears and discontent of the plain people of America. The small farmers, whom Jefferson loved, and the city laborers, whom he despised, united to fight the triumphant Federalists. Jefferson became their champion and eventually their leader. It was an ironic touch that the workers chose Jefferson in spite of his outspoken opposition to their calling; intuitively they felt that their rights as human beings were safer in his hands than in those of Hamilton who, though enthusiastic for industry and commerce, consid-

ered the artisans, their backbone, merely as tools for their increase.

The election of 1800 was a clash in fundamental philosophies, a revolution. The issues were sharply defined and the country thoroughly aware of the divergent paths before it: a strong and powerful government, directed by the few and not too regardful of human rights and human needs; or a weak central government, tender of the individual and limited in scope.

This time it was Jefferson who won, and the Hamiltonians considered that the end of the world had come. But now that Jefferson was President he discovered that the fundamentals of government not only could not be changed overnight, but that they possessed certain merits of their own. The major portion of the campaign had been devoted to denunciation of Hamilton's financial policies and the national bank he had formed. Jefferson kept both. He had sought to keep the Federalists to the strictest construction of the Constitution, yet when the opportunity arose to purchase Louisiana and add a vast empire to the United States — a course certainly not contemplated within the express powers given to the central government — Jefferson did not hesitate to overlook the Constitution and admit privately that he was doing so. He found out then, and was to continue to find out, that inflexible principles are good enough when one is not in office; once in, the exigencies of the occasion demand a certain flexibility if the country is to survive.

For example, there was no one more in favor than Jefferson of states' rights and the privilege of any or all of them to withdraw from the Union when they saw fit. Witness the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of which he was a co-author. But when the possibility arose that the New England states might secede, or that Aaron Burr might withdraw Kentucky, Tennessee and part of the territories, no one more staunchly insisted on the inviolability of the Union than this same believer in a little revolution now and then.

All this is not to deny the merits of Jefferson's course as President or to say that he did not thereby make the United States a stronger and more effectual nation; it is merely to point out that theory does not always jibe with practical action. He even sent a naval expedition against the Barbary pirates in order to enforce respect for the American flag and American foreign trade. Certainly this was not in line with the isolationism he had once preached.

It is futile, therefore, though it is often done, to invoke Jeffersonian principles for the solution of present-day national problems. Aside from the fact that this country is not the country he had envisaged — a land of small, independent farmers, with few large cities and only enough manufactures to supply the needs of those farmers — it is clear that Jefferson was sufficiently adaptable to bring fresh viewpoints to bear on problems for which it would be idle to search in

his recorded writings and his letters.

Everyone remembers, of course, that during the great debate over the power of the Supreme Court to declare New Deal legislation unconstitutional, there was much harking back to Jeffersonian principles. Hadn't Jefferson decried the use of the veto when Chief Justice Marshall attempted to invoke it? Hadn't he tried to clip the powers of the Court and render it subordinate to the legislative arm and the executive?

But it must be remembered that earlier he had advocated an even greater right of veto for the Court: he regretted that it had not been given the same power that was granted to the President, namely, to veto acts of Congress regardless of Constitutional questions. And it must also be remembered that practical politics was involved: he was confronted with a hostile Court, appointed by preceding Federalist Presidents and adhering to Federalist and Hamiltonian principles.

IV

If Jefferson's Presidential acts are not reconcilable with what we consider "Jeffersonian principles," does that mean that we have been laboring under false illusions? In the limited sense indicated, yes. In the larger sense, not at all.

Jefferson himself, toward the end of his life, correctly appraised those of his achievements which he thought merited enduring fame. The first was the writing of the Declaration of

Independence. For all its doctrinaire phraseology and outworn anthropological data, it still concentrates in a single document the hopes and aspirations of mankind. Philosophers had said similar things before, but this was the first time that the word had been spread to the common man. *All men are created equal* — meaning that neither pride of birth nor parental wealth can add one jot to the merits of the newborn babe. All men have the right to *life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness*. These are sacred and inalienable, but *property* is not sacred. By his deliberate omission Jefferson shouted it from the housetops. Property is an accidental accretion to man. If its possession interferes with the sacred rights of mankind, then it should be subject to limitation, control, or outright confiscation. As long as America ponders the true meaning of these shining phrases, and occasionally acts upon them, it will never depart from the path of "Jeffersonian principles."

The second of his own modest claims to fame was the Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom which, after a bitter struggle, he caused to be incorporated into the fundamental law of his native state, Virginia. If he had done nothing else, his right to be considered one of this country's greatest men would have been secure. The Old World pattern considered a man's religion a close concern of the government. Church and state were interdependent; the non-conformers, not being members of the officially

recognized church, were *ipso facto* not members in good standing of the state. They were subject to disabilities and even persecution, running the gamut from mere exclusion from political office to the extreme penalty of death.

On this subject of religious liberty and the right of a man to worship God in his own way or not worship Him at all if he so desired, Jefferson felt deeply and strongly. "The rights of conscience we never submitted, we could not submit," he declared. "We are answerable for them to our God. The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no god. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg."

He himself was a Deist, with a reverent belief in a beneficent principle in the universe, and in Jesus as the greatest of all ethical teachers. For this he was later to be denounced as an atheist, an unprincipled scoundrel, a man of debased morals and a ravisher of women.

Virginia, with the possible exception of Massachusetts, had been the chief bulwark for the doctrine of an official state church. It took seven years of unwearied effort for Jefferson's bill to pass. By completely divorcing church and state, by the abolition of compulsory tithes and the guaranty of freedom of worship and of religious opinions without let or hindrance, Jefferson set up a model that has never been surpassed. Eventually the other states followed suit;

and America today, despite the Ku Klux Klan and other obscurantist groups, has Jefferson to thank for its present pre-eminent position as the haven for men of all sects and creeds and the upholder of the doctrine of religious liberty.

The third of Jefferson's own claims to fame was the establishment of the University of Virginia. Here he was over-modest, for the university, though the only part of his vast educational plans which was fully realized, was but the apex of a tremendous scheme for universal free education which he had worked out to the smallest detail.

Education in Jefferson's day was a private matter. The rich could send their children to expensive schools. But the vast majority of people were too poor to afford such schooling. To Jefferson, knowledge and education were the harbingers of enlightenment and the dissipaters of superstition and darkness. How could a people be free and properly exercise the duties of citizenship unless they could read, write and think clearly? Education, accordingly, must be free. But it must be free on a graduated scale, depending on the ability of the pupil.

On the lowest level he advocated an elementary school system to which *all* children would be admitted and educated at the expense of the state. On the second level he placed the high schools, in which only the abler of the elementary school graduates were entitled to a continuing free education. The crown and apex of the entire

system was the university, where only the ablest would be fitted to become the nation's leaders.

In his old age Jefferson sought to get Virginia to put his scheme into effect. In spite of repeated rebuffs he persisted, until finally, in 1818, a modest sum was appropriated for elementary education for the poor and an even more modest sum set aside to start a university. It was the beginning of a long campaign that ended with the establishment of universal free education as the right and privilege of every boy and girl in the country. The state universities that stretch from coast to coast can trace their origin to Jefferson's belief in universal education.

V

In the larger sense the importance of Thomas Jefferson to the America of today does not reside in any specific item or combination of items during his long and fruitful career. In detail he was often wrong. Certainly Hamilton's forecast of the future was far more accurate than his. But the very accuracy of Hamilton's superior prevision makes Jefferson's unfulfilled conceptions even more vital today than if he had actually blueprinted the future.

The paradox may be simply resolved. The world has witnessed the evolution of Hamiltonian "strong government" to its logical extreme. Totalitarianism, in which the state is all-important and all-consuming, in which the individual exists only for the state, represents the ultimate end

of the "strong government" theory. Jefferson knew this and shrank, perhaps, to the other extreme. In a hundred different phrases he anticipated the famous dictum of Lord Acton that "all power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." The world has learned this truism the hard way. But to learn it properly the world, and America in particular, will have to re-evaluate the Jeffersonian philosophy.

Man was not born to serve the state; the state was invented to serve man. *Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness* are not subject to the whim or fiat of an overreaching state; they reside inalienably in each individual.

In the complexity of modern society this fundamental theme of Jefferson must never be lost sight of. It may be difficult to apply; a wholly industrialized world cannot return to an Arcadian existence of sturdy yeomanry; the tentacles of government must necessarily hold together the anarchic structure of numberless "free" enterprises; yet the Jeffersonian concept of the "free" individual must somehow be woven in if the state is not to become monolithic and man a mere slave worker.

If Jefferson and democracy are equated in the American dream, nothing essential has been distorted. The facts and particular points on which this equation is based may be proved wrong in detail, but the broad general principle remains. Jefferson's place among the progenitors of the democratic way is unassailable.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN N. Y. MEDICAL SCHOOLS

BY WALTER R. HART

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1946, the Council of the City of New York voted to authorize the establishment of a committee to investigate the causes underlying the difficulty of graduates of city-maintained secondary schools and colleges in obtaining graduate and professional education; and in connection therewith, to examine into, study, and investigate the admission practices and policies of all educational institutions within the City, claiming to be non-sectarian, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or to what extent these institutions, or any of them, practice discrimination against any person or persons because of race, color, creed, religion or national origin, either in the admission of students and/or the employment of the members of their teaching staffs.

In unanimously adopting the resolution, the members of the Council had in mind that they were the representatives of the seven million inhabitants of the City of New York — the vast majority of whom, or whose parents, came to this country to enjoy the blessings of liberty guar-

anteed by the fundamental law of the land.

They had in mind the countless thousands of parents, who, denying themselves the luxuries and often the necessities of life, were endeavoring to secure for their offspring the advantages of a higher education. To these parents, hard work and privation meant nothing. Out of their meager earnings, they were laying aside — almost from the day their children were born — as much as they possibly could, in the hope that by the time the children grew up, there would be sufficient saved to finance their education.

The Council also had in mind the children of these parents, fired with the ambition to obtain a higher education. Actuated by this desire, the sons of these immigrants applied themselves assiduously to their studies in our high schools and city colleges where, it is said, the competition is keener than in any other institutions throughout the world.

The Council was also mindful of the fact that many of these students at the city institutions had graduated

COUNCILMAN WALTER R. HART, as chairman and counsel of the Special Investigating Committee of the Council of the City of New York, prepared the report of which this article is an abridgement.

with the highest scholastic averages. The Council felt that if there were discrimination practiced by any of these private colleges or professional schools against these students, it was contrary to the concept of democracy and should not be tolerated.

For at least the past ten years, charges have been leveled against colleges and professional schools to the effect that they have been practicing discrimination against applicants for admission because of their religion or racial origin. These charges have been brought to the attention of the faculties through the medium of law suits, bills introduced in the State Legislature, articles appearing in the daily press and protest meetings.

All of the colleges thus accused vigorously denied the truth of these accusations.

It was conceded at the private hearings that the best method of disproving these charges would have been to produce the applications and records of the students who had been accepted for the purpose of comparison with the records of the students who had been rejected. Such comparison would reveal the truth or falsity of the accusations.

Nevertheless, when counsel requested the Dean of Cornell University School of Medicine to produce the records for the preceding years, he was informed that they *had been burned*.

The testimony of Dr. Dayton Edwards, who has been Assistant Dean and Chairman of the Admission Com-

mittee since 1936, reads as follows:

Q. Doctor, how far back do you have the applications of applicants who were rejected?

A. Just one year, the last class.

Q. You have read, have you not, Doctor, throughout the past ten or fifteen years, numerous articles concerning racial and religious discrimination among applicants for medical colleges?

A. That's right.

Q. In the light of that, will you tell me why you did not save your records which are the only means of ascertaining whether or not there was discrimination?

A. We saw no reason for saving records when they are of no further use to us and space was a consideration. This matter of saving the records did not occur to us.

Q. But you had in mind the fact that you were accused of discrimination along with other institutions. Didn't you think it important to keep such evidence which might be germane to the subject?

A. No.

Q. And you cannot tell me when you first started to destroy the applications of the unsuccessful candidates at the end of each year?

A. A matter of five years, in the past five years, I would say. In

the war period they had been accumulating very fast.

Q. Prior to that time?

A. Prior to that time, they were kept for a long period.

It is a well established principle of law that destruction of or failure to produce records concerning material matters raises a presumption that the contents of the records, if produced, would be unfavorable.

The act of intentionally destroying evidence has always been regarded with suspicion. It is a circumstance indicating a weak cause. One's conduct in thus destroying evidence is attributed to a belief that the truth would have operated against him.

A similar effort was made by counsel to obtain the records of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. Hereinbelow is set forth excerpts from the testimony of Dr. Willard C. Rappelye:

Q. And I suppose you know that the only method of proving or disproving discrimination would be the applications and the action taken upon them, together with such other data as might be evaluated and weighed by some Committee investigating the matter?

A. Are you asking my opinion?

Q. Yes.

A. I don't know, I suppose that is probably so, yes, sir.

Q. I just asked you, suppose you were Chairman of a Committee as I am now. In my case, what would you do in an endeavor to

ascertain whether during the past ten years there had been discrimination, racial, religious or otherwise, against applicants? Isn't the first thing that you would look for the applications made by individuals who had been rejected, the scholastic range of those individuals, and whatever reasons were given for their rejection?

A. That would certainly be one thing you would want to know.

Q. That would be practically the only thing you would base any conclusion or thought upon?

A. I don't know.

Confronted with the destruction of these records by both Cornell University School of Medicine and Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Committee proceeded to ascertain the facts through other media.

II

There is published by each college and professional school a catalogue showing the names of the students accepted each year and the schools from which they originated. These catalogues were obtained from the various colleges and professional schools and were carefully examined by the staff of the Committee.

One of the purposes of the examination was to ascertain the number of graduates from city colleges admitted to the college or professional school each year. With this information available, the Committee was en-

abled to draw up exhibits showing whether or not the number of students accepted from the city colleges increased or decreased during the period from 1920 to 1946. The result of this examination revealed that in each of the medical schools in New York City, there was a significant decrease in the number of graduates of city colleges admitted in the forties as compared with the number admitted in 1920.

In six of the past ten years, not a single graduate of the College of the City of New York was admitted to Cornell University, School of Medicine and, in the remaining four years, a total of nine were admitted. From 1942 to 1946, inclusive, 218 graduates of City College applied for admission to Cornell Medical School. Only five were admitted. Forty-eight of these applicants had an average of A-minus or better.

Not a single graduate of Hunter College has been admitted to Cornell University, School of Medicine since 1924. Not a single graduate of Brooklyn College was admitted to Cornell University, School of Medicine prior to 1946, in which year one was admitted.

During the past ten years, Cornell University, School of Medicine accepted 801 students, of whom only 11 were from city colleges, an average of 1.4 per cent. It is significant to note that in 1920, out of 44 acceptances, 22 or 50 per cent, were graduates of city colleges.

In 1920, the College of Physicians

and Surgeons, Columbia University, admitted 98 students, 14 of whom were graduates of city colleges, or 14.3 per cent. In 1928, 1932, 1933, 1937, 1939 and 1940, not a single graduate of any of the city colleges was among those accepted. In 1929, 1930, 1931, 1935 and 1938, only one graduate of a city college was accepted out of approximately 110 students admitted in each of these years or an average of less than 1 per cent.

Since 1920, there have been admitted to the College of Physicians and Surgeons 2980 students. Of these, only 70 were graduates of city colleges — or slightly more than 2.5 per cent. During the years 1944, 1945 and 1946, 86 graduates of the College of the City of New York, including 37 with averages of A-minus or better, applied for admission to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Of these, only 8 were accepted, 4 of whom were Army Special Training Program students. These latter students were admitted by orders of the United States Army.

The records disclose that in 1921, 113 students were admitted to Long Island College of Medicine, of whom, 35 were graduates of city colleges, a total of 30.9 per cent. Throughout the following years, there was a consistent decline in the number and percentage of graduates of city colleges who were accepted. In 1943, out of 114 students accepted, only three were graduates of city colleges, or 2.6 per cent. In 1945 and 1946, the percentage has increased to 10.4 per

cent and 12.6 per cent respectively.

New York University School of Medicine: In 1926, out of 127 students accepted, 32 were graduates of city colleges, or 26.7 per cent. Throughout the ensuing years, there has been a consistent decline in the number and percentage of city college graduates accepted. In 1936, only 15 city college graduates were accepted out of a class of 139, or 10.8 per cent. In 1941, only 7 graduates of city colleges were accepted out of a class of 136, or 5.1 per cent. In 1946, 14 graduates of city colleges were accepted in a class of 121 students, or 11.5 per cent.

New York Homeopathic Medical College: In 1926, of 100 applicants accepted, 39 were graduates of city colleges or 39 per cent. The number and percentage of city college graduates accepted at New York Homeopathic Medical College consistently declined and, in 1940, out of 84 acceptances, only one was a graduate of a city college, representing 1.1 per cent. In 1946, of 128 acceptances, 13 were graduates of city colleges, or 10.1 per cent.

It has been shown that the number of acceptances of graduates of the city colleges decreased from approximately 50 per cent in 1920 to the extent that, in some years, none of the graduates of the city colleges succeeded in obtaining admission to some of the medical schools. It is also revealed that even graduates of the College of the City of New York with averages of A-minus or better were un-

successful in their efforts to be admitted to city medical schools.

The claim was made at the private hearings that these students with an average of A-minus or better might have been excluded because of lack of "personality" or because of "emotional instability." That this was an excuse rather than a reason is evidenced by the following excerpt from the testimony of Dr. Joseph C. Hinsey, Dean of the Cornell Medical School:

Q. What is a fair average for a student in order for him to gain admission to Cornell Medical School?

A. I couldn't answer that.

Q. Would an average of A-minus or better in City College, considering the competition which is the stiffest in the world, and the severity of marking; which they are conceded to have, be considered an excellent average?

A. I would say so.

Q. I show you figures in your bulletin, in conjunction with bulletins of City College, which indicate that in 1942 there were forty-five students from City College who applied for admission to Cornell Medical School, of whom eleven had an average of A-minus, or better; and you only accepted one. Would you say that was surprising?

A. I didn't see the people, I don't know the individuals. I don't think you can go altogether on records.

Q. I see. There were other things, racial lineage, mother's maiden name, that you considered?

A. No. Emotional stability and other things.

Q. When you reject an applicant without an interview, you know nothing about his emotional stability, do you?

A. That's right."

Similar testimony was given by Dr. Charles Albert Flood, Assistant Dean and Chairman of the Admissions Committee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons from 1936 to 1940.

Q. Would you say that some of the students who were rejected who came from those schools [city colleges] had a better scholastic record than some of the students who were accepted and who came from other schools?

A. Yes, I believe that would be the case.

Q. Have you rejected students with an average of A-minus or better from those city colleges without an interview on occasion?

A. I believe that probably has been done, yes.

Q. Have you accepted students or applicants from other colleges with an average of B or less, without an interview?

A. I believe that has been done. I think I might say that the recommendations of the schools from which the students came were carefully considered, and if

a man did not have high recommendations, or if his recommendations were inferior, he might be rejected without an interview.

In the absence of a personal interview, the excuse that these applicants were rejected because of lack of emotional stability or personality cannot be accepted.

III

The foregoing facts and figures lead to the inescapable conclusion that each of the medical schools referred to discriminates against graduates of city colleges. The consistent decline throughout the years in each of the medical colleges in the city is indicative of preconceived and concerted action on the part of those in charge of the administration of affairs of such colleges to deny admission to graduates of the city colleges, even though they possess higher qualifications than graduates of out of town colleges. The similarity of the pattern precludes the possibility of mere coincidence.

Dr. Dudley J. Morton, a member of the Admissions Committee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, from 1936 to 1943, testified as follows:

Q. Was there an expressed desire to broaden the field from which the applicants were chosen, rather than to restrict them to a particular locality?

A. It is quite possible that two individuals, one from New York

State, one from some distant state, or from Alaska, showing apparently equal qualifications — those two individuals would be most closely studied, as far as we could get anything from the record. I am only speaking now of my own reactions. My reaction would be that in case there was an absolute equality between the two on all other matters, then I would be inclined to give the more distant individual the acceptance. That is my individual reaction.

Dr. Morton further testified that he believed that a fair share of the number of students accepted from New York City would be one third of the total number accepted. When the attention of Dr. Morton was directed to the fact that this would in effect result in selecting students on a geographical basis rather than on the basis of qualifications, he testified as follows:

Q. Do you think that the reputation of Columbia would suffer if they selected students on their merits, regardless of what part of the country they lived in?

A. I believe it would change the character of Columbia University.

Q. For better or for worse?

A. I think it would be for an individual to decide. In my opinion, it would be for the better.

Dr. Edgar Miller, a member of the Admissions Committee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia

University, testified that a "policy had been laid down by statement" to select students from a wider geographical area.

It can readily be seen that any policy of limiting the number of acceptances from New York City to a given percentage would result in the abandonment of the only fair method, *i.e.*, selection on the basis of merit. If the number of applicants admitted from New York City were limited to 33 per cent and the remaining 67 per cent were accepted from other parts of the country, it might well be that many New York City students would be denied admission, even though their qualifications were superior to those accepted who were not residents of the City.

The Committee is mindful of the fact that the majority of the applicants for admission from New York City to these colleges are "second generation Americans," *i.e.*, children of immigrants. The application of any quota, geographical or otherwise, would directly result in discrimination against students of the various racial origins predominant in the City of New York.

Prior to 1920, an applicant for admission to a professional school was required merely to set forth in the application prepared by the school the following information: "Name, address, age, place of birth, name of college, years in college, scholastic record and recommendations." Subsequent thereto, the information required of the applicant included a statement concerning his "religion"

and "place of birth of father and mother." Thereafter, there was added the requirement that he furnish a photograph. Some of the schools, apparently because of criticism concerning the requirement that the applicant state his religion, substituted a question concerning the "racial origin" of the applicant. Thereafter, this question was dropped and applicants were required to state their "mother's maiden name."

Every witness questioned by the Committee stated that the answers to these questions concerning religion, racial origin or mother's maiden name were of no value in determining the qualifications of the applicant. Each of the witnesses likewise admitted that by looking at a photograph, he could not determine the qualifications or even the personality of an applicant. One of the witnesses, who testified that he was prejudiced against "Irish-Catholic" applicants and "mildly" prejudiced against applicants of the Jewish faith, stated that he and other members of the Committee would use this information for the purpose of making a "guess" as to the religion or racial origin of the applicant.

Not a single professor who was questioned by the Committee could tell how he would answer the question, "What is your racial lineage?" nor was any witness able to explain why this question was asked on an application. The fact that all of the witnesses concede that the information requested of the applicant has no bearing upon

his qualifications as a physician and the further fact that the information requested by one school is almost identical with that of the other lead to the inescapable conclusion that the various professional schools were extremely anxious to elicit information which would enable them to ascertain the "racial origin" or "religion" of the various applicants for a purpose other than judging their qualifications for admission.

It is significant that almost coincident with the requirement that this irrelevant information be furnished, the number of graduates of city colleges accepted by the medical schools located in New York City declined.

Theodore Francis Jones, Professor of History, Director of the General Library, New York University, edited a book entitled *History of New York University, 1832-1932*. This history was published by the New York University Press. The following excerpt indicates clearly that it was the feeling of not only the "majority of the faculty" of New York University, "but those of many similar colleges after 1919" that children of foreign born parents were "aliens" and that their admission to medical schools would tend to cause these schools to lose their Americanism.

Upon these men fell the responsibility of facing the questions which seemed in 1919 to threaten the future of the University College which they and their predecessors had known. The word "Americanism" was often, perhaps too often, upon the lips of the majority of our compatriots in 1919; and the majority of the faculty agreed,

wisely or unwisely, with the majority of Americans, that "Americanism" was a quality that the student body of the University College had once possessed, was in danger of losing, and must recover. In 1932, we are perhaps less sure of what "Americanism" is; but we can probably admit that the University College was being swamped in 1919 by an invasion of students of what, to the older American student and teacher, seemed wholly alien habits and manners. What should the College have tried to do? A conceivable answer is that it should have accepted the perhaps inevitable consequence of its location in New York City, and undertaken the duty of teaching "Americanism" to these "alien" young men. The sad facts of the case, however, appeared to be that for every "alien" student who entered, an "American" student disappeared, and that the College would soon be wholly "alien." If that occurred, how could "Americanism" be taught with no "American" students to serve as examples to the "aliens"? On the other hand, did not the University College have a duty to serve the community, and, if it were necessary to limit the enrollment, what fairer tests for entrance could be employed than those of a purely intellectual character? Such were the questions which agitated, not only the faculty of the University College, but those of many similar colleges after 1919.

It will be remembered that already in 1916 Dean Bouton had reported the advisability of providing tests for entrance supplementary to high-school certificates. Such tests were now ordered for all freshmen entering the two schools at University Heights in September, 1919; and these two schools have the merit, or demerit, as only the future may decide, of being among the first of American colleges to provide a "personnel and psychological examination" for entrance.

The apprehension on the part of the "majority of the faculty" that the college was in danger of losing its

"Americanism" because of the admission of these "alien" students is especially deplorable in view of the fact that the vast majority of these "alien" young men who were applying for admission had just returned from abroad after having actively participated in World War I, where they had been fighting to preserve democracy, the underlying and fundamental quality inherent in "Americanism." It is extremely regrettable that in 1946, the children of these "aliens," who are returning from all parts of the world where they have been engaged in mortal combat to preserve democracy, are confronted with the same closed doors that greeted their "alien" fathers.

The Committee is happy to note that the deans of many of the colleges have expressed a willingness to eliminate these objectionable questions from their future applications for admission.

Dr. Joseph C. Hinsey, Dean of the Cornell Medical School, testified at a public hearing that the question "mother's maiden name" was inserted in the applications at the request of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Committee is in possession of a communication from Director J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in which he denies that any such request was made.

IV

That a quota existed at Cornell University, School of Medicine, was undisputedly established by the follow-

ing communication sent by Dr. William S. Ladd, who was then Dean.

April 25, 1940

New York City

Dear Mr. _____

Thank you for your letter of April 24 concerning _____, who wishes to get into medical school.

We are very glad to have you call our attention to this man and have looked him up. He applied to Cornell, among other medical schools, last fall. His application and credentials came before our Admissions Committee on February 21 and he was rejected on a comparative basis.

Cornell Medical College admits a class of eighty each fall. It picks these eighty men from about twelve hundred applicants of whom seven hundred or more are Jews. We limit the number of Jews admitted to each class to roughly the proportion of Jews in the population in this State, which is a higher proportion than in any other part of the country. That means that we take in from 10-15 per cent Jews. The same qualifications hold in picking Jewish students as in picking Gentile students; that is, they are judged not only on a basis of scholarship, but on character, personality, leadership, etc.

Mr. _____ had a number of good qualities, but in the opinion of the Admission Committee there were a number of Jewish applicants who applied to the Medical School who surpassed him in desirability.

Yours truly,
(signed) W. S. LADD

WL/A

Dr. Charles O. Warren testified that the members of the Admissions Committee would discuss the racial origin and religion of an applicant. At a private hearing, held on October 7th, 1946, when asked how he determined the religion of an applicant, he replied, "We make a guess."

Q. And you are aided in that guess by his name, the photograph; is that correct?

A. That's right.

Q. Sometimes by the birthplace?

A. Probably.

Q. All right. And having made that guess, now, just exactly what factors enter into your consideration in determining how his religion or his racial origin affects his personality.

A. I would rather not answer that.

Q. You know the answer, don't you, Doctor?

A. I know an answer.

Q. Did you look at the applicant's picture and his name for the purpose of determining, among other things, what his religious background was?

A. Why don't we just assume that and let it go off the record?

Q. Is that a fair assumption?

A. Yes.

Q. Well, now, Doctor, in determining questions of personality based upon religious persuasion and background, you were affected either favorably or unfavorably; weren't you, in your opinion?

A. Well, naturally. . . .

Q. And when you say you make as honest an effort as possible to deal with it, just exactly how do you make that effort? Just what do you do?

A. Not to be unduly influenced by prejudices that we all know we have.

- Q. What prejudices do you have?
- A. I would rather not answer that.
We all have prejudices one way or the other about these matters. It is foolish to deny it, and I think we have made as honest an effort as we can to override those.
- Q. Override these what?
- A. To consider the admission of candidates.
- Q. Do you mean religious prejudices, when you say, "We all have prejudices"?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Do you have them?
- A. Now, Fellow, look, I am trying to be on the up and up with you.
- Q. Against what particular group are you prejudiced, however strongly or however weakly?
- A. I am not prejudiced against any racial group. I am prejudiced against the personality that appears in certain racial groups.
- Q. Do you mean Hebrews?
- A. I would rather not answer it.
- Q. Can you answer this, then: You don't mean Catholics, do you?
- A. That is another thing. I happen not to like the Irish.
- Q. And being human, that does sometimes affect your attitude with respect to applicants who are Irish or Irish Catholics?
- A. That's right, exactly. I don't like also certain Americans.
- Q. Certain Americans?
- A. In certain situations.
- Q. Do you like the Hebrews?

- A. Some of my very best friends are among them.

...
Q. All right. Then, isn't it a fact that if your judgment has been influenced in respect to Irish Catholics —

- A. Sure, it is bad, I absolutely agree with you that it is bad, and you know it is bad as well as I do, but you also know as well as I do that one can't help being influenced by such considerations.

Q. You couldn't help being influenced, even though you know it is bad?

- A. I said we make as honest an effort as we can not to be influenced by those prejudices.

Q. Yes.

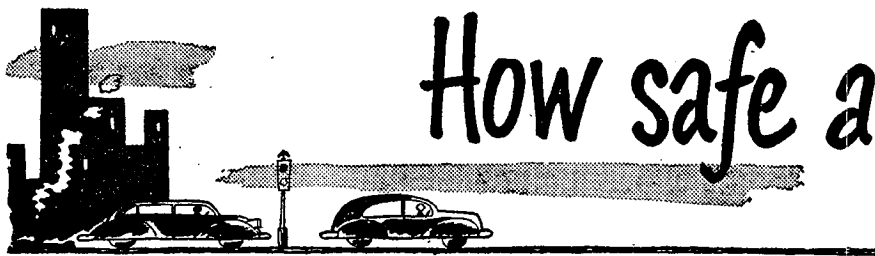
- A. Those prejudices which we have.

...
Q. Sometimes, though, you come across two candidates, each of whom you think is equally qualified scholastically, and from the standpoint of adaptability, — then you waver between the two; isn't that so?

- A. Yes.

Q. Under such circumstances your judgment would be influenced, or wouldn't it be influenced by the fact that one might happen to be of a racial origin or religious persuasion concerning which you have a prejudice?

- A. Yes.



How safe a

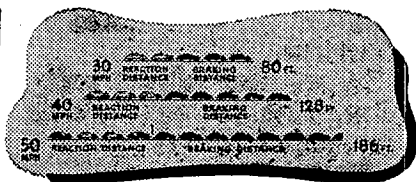


Are your driving habits good habits?

Driving a car can be a pleasure or a tiresome ordeal. It depends on how you drive.

If you make it a habit to keep your mind on your driving, to keep your car under control, and to observe traffic rules, you'll get a lot more enjoyment from your motoring. You'll get places just as fast as the thoughtless, "me first" motorists, and you'll have a lot better chance of avoiding accidents.

Make it a habit, too, to keep your car in good running condition. Brakes, steering mechanism, lights, and tires especially should be checked regularly.



When you have to stop, can you do it in time?

Chances are you *can't* stop as quickly as you think you can.

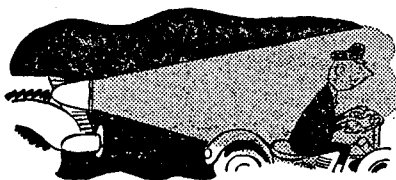
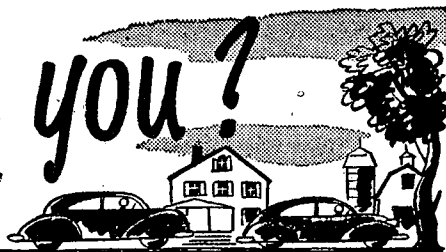
Traveling at only 20 miles an hour, your car will go at least 22 feet while you move your foot from the accelerator to the brake. Even under the best road conditions and with good brakes, it will take another 21 feet—or a total of 43 feet—before you can stop.

This stopping distance increases with your speed. At 40 miles an hour it is 128 feet; and at 60 miles an hour you'll travel 254 feet before you can stop. The National Safety Council is the authority for these figures.

To help you get more pleasure from your motoring, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 77-L, on safe driving.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

driver are you?



How should you drive at night?

Driving after dark requires special care, for you can't see very far ahead.

Suppose your headlights suddenly show a barrier 150 feet ahead on the road, and you're driving 50 miles an hour—you are *outdriving your headlights*, for at that speed you can't stop in less than 186 feet.

Try to avoid looking directly at approaching headlights. Lower your own lights, don't take the chance that a "light-blinded" motorist will run into you. Watch your side of the road for pedestrians or parked cars.



How can you help avoid accidents?

It's only common sense to adjust your driving to suit adverse weather and road conditions.

Be prepared for emergencies such as blowouts or sudden skids, and know what to do when they occur. Keep alert for the actions of other drivers or pedestrians.

And remember—a survey reported by the National Safety Council shows that drivers who have been drinking are 3 to 4 times as likely to be involved in an accident as those who haven't.

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Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



*That some snakes swallow their
young to protect them*

No ophiologist has ever had the good luck to be on hand when a snake swallowed her young to protect them from danger. But, judging from the frequency of reports, laymen seem unable to spend a day in the woods without observing this phenomenon. The late Raymond Ditmars said that he never delivered a lecture on snakes but that some member of the audience came up afterwards to insist that he had seen a snake swallow her young. A Mr. Adrian G. Lambert, of Haverhill, Mass., writing in the correspondence columns of *Science Illustrated*, May 1947, protests "upon my word of honor" that as a boy he had seen "five or six little snakes" crawl into the mouth of a larger snake which seemed to await their ingestion with solicitude before it moved away into the bushes. The author of "The Skeptics' Corner" has been assured by a number of correspondents that they have seen the same thing. One, going into full de-

tail, said that he had watched a garter snake swallow eight young ones and then had made her disgorge them "by stroking them out with a stick." What impressed him most was the fact that despite the restricted stowage room they had all managed to turn around inside her (it's always the mother that takes them in); they went in head first and came out head first.

It is rather embarrassing to deny so well-attested an occurrence yet scientists stubbornly continue to voice their doubts. In the first place while many snakes take other snakes in, it is for the pleasure of the absorber rather than the security of the absorbed. Under some circumstances snakes will disgorge their prey and if they do so soon enough after the swallowing the victim is often, except for a probable psychic trauma, none the worse. It may be that the lay witnesses have seen some such regurgitation. Or — and more likely — they have caught and killed a viviparous snake with her young alive inside her and not knowing that there

are viviparous snakes have assumed that the young had crawled inside her for safety. The same false deduction regarding spiders is often made by boys who mistake the female spider's sack for her abdomen and assume that the myriads of little spiders they find therein had crawled back into their mother at the presence of danger.

That apes are the world's greatest mimics

In making the word "ape" a synonym for "imitate" men have behaved with unaccustomed modesty: man is a better mimic than any monkey. When Dr. W. N. Kellogg, of the University of Indiana, and his heroic wife reared a female chimpanzee, Gua, with their son Donald, they found that Gua was not as good an imitator as Donald. They found, indeed, that the child not only aped them better than the ape did, but that he aped the ape as well.

That doctors give up incurable cases

"The doctors gave me up as incurable" is the invariable formula with which accounts of miraculous cures are introduced, and the listener is usually too enthralled or exasperated by the miracle to pay any attention to its introduction. Yet skepticism can begin at no better place than the beginning: let those who make or repeat such statements produce one

(1) reputable physician in good standing who ever "gave up" a case because it was incurable. Reputable doctors do not guarantee cures and do not abandon patients whose ailments are incurable.

That some people can read "at sight"

Some people claim to read "at sight," to get the meaning of whole pages at a glance without laboriously interpreting the combinations of letters as sounds. "Specialists" in reading even go so far as to urge this as the only desirable way of reading, warning the beginner (who, of course, couldn't possibly read their books) that the old-fashioned way of reading will lead to mental paralysis. Thus Mr. W. E. Schutt in his *Reading For Self-Education* urges the neophyte "to read with the eye alone" since it is "fatal to proper reading" to make "mental images of the sound of words" as one reads.

But, actually, what else can one do? Letters are only symbols for sounds and, while some people can translate them into sounds and the sounds into meanings faster than other people can, all must go through the same performance.

Those who say that they read by sight (or, more modestly, that others read by sight) claim to read much faster than those to whom words are merely words. We hear of adepts who "get the meaning" of a page at a glance, go through books in fifteen

minutes and digest libraries in a day.

It is astonishing how meekly this preposterous claim is accepted even by learned men and how glibly it is repeated in textbooks.

Frankly, I don't believe it can be done. There is no royal road to comprehension. Words must be understood in their contexts. The implications of voice, mood, tense and punctuation must be considered. Where a word has various meanings several must be tested and weighed. He who understands at a glance what he reads, reads only that which he can understand at a glance. Anyone whose reading goes beyond the comic strips is continually encountering strange words or familiar words in strange senses and all this cannot be comprehended automatically. Reading is an exercise of one's whole experience and capacities, not just a registering on the optic nerve.

I am willing to wager \$100 at the odds of ten to one that no one can read a page or even a sizable paragraph at a glance or even at a good long stare of, say, five seconds. The money's posted, step forward!

That absence makes the heart grow fonder

The disastrous rate of divorce among young couples separated by the war ought to disprove the adage that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Temporary absence may heighten desire but true affection, all romantic illusions to the contrary, is founded

upon a community of interest which is bound to grow less as separation continues.

That some people have developed a third set of teeth

No hope is too preposterous to generate its own supporting evidence. That life will renew itself within us and that youth will spring like a phoenix from our ashes is too dear a wish to be abandoned without making some effort to preserve it. Most place the transformation beyond challenge by locating it in another world but many are determined to find evidence of it here on earth and among the fictitious solaces which they hug to their bosoms none is more common than the story that some aged person, happier than others but a harbinger of better things for all, has grown a complete third set of teeth.

Dr. Floris van Minden, commenting on this widespread belief in his special column on dental problems in the *Chicago Sun*, asserts that there is no record in dental literature of any such fortunate growth. It is his opinion that these stories, when not complete fabrications, are exaggerations based on the appearance of one or two supernumerary teeth that had been impacted theretofore.

That there are abortifacient drugs

Aggrieved laymen are convinced that there are drugs that will cause abor-

tion and that all doctors know of these drugs but refuse to divulge the "secret."

There is no such secret because there are no such drugs. Thousands of women have died and hundreds of thousands have been made dangerously ill by taking ergot and quinine pills or apiol oil or by administering to themselves or having administered to them potassium iodide paste without procuring the abortion for which they ran such dreadful risks.

When an abortion is therapeutically advisable surgery is invariably employed.

That a positive Wassermann is absolute proof of syphilis

Dr. Albert S. Tenney, of East Orange, New Jersey, feels that a great deal of unnecessary anxiety would be relieved if it were more widely known that a number of diseases, such as malaria, yaws, scarlet fever, relapsing fever, filariasis and subacute bacterial endocarditis can also cause a positive blood reaction. Vaccination sometimes causes a false positive, a fact which led the New York *Daily News* to fear that the recent smallpox alarm in New York might cause many vaccinated prospective brides and grooms to flunk their required Wassermann tests.

On the other hand, a negative reaction is not certain proof of not having syphilis either. Dr. Budd Corbus writing in *Modern Urology* says: "It is not generally recognized that the con-

sumption of even small quantities of alcohol, if taken from one to seven days before the Wassermann test is made, tends to influence the test by producing a false negative reaction."

That Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravity by being hit on the head by a falling apple

So widespread and persistent is the fatuous story that Newton's thoughts were led to his famous theory by his being hit on the head by a falling apple that it is difficult to believe that the unhappy man did not have a press agent.

Voltaire seems to be the authority for the story of the apple. He had it from Newton's niece who kept house for Newton in his latter days. The popular mind has seized upon it because it knows what an apple is and hasn't, to this day, caught up with Newton's first principles.

Neither Pemberton nor Whiston, who received from Newton himself an account of his first ideas concerning gravity, mention the apple.

The eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says that as late as 1820 a definite apple tree was pointed out at Woolsthorpe as the historic tree. Since the incident is generally dated 1665 or 1666 and since the tree was at that time bearing and high enough for a man to walk under, it was, by 1820, remarkable on several counts. Maybe it was left over from the Garden of Eden.

THE BRITISH BLUNDER IN GREECE

BY F. A. VOIGT

REVOLUTION, to the English, is something that happens abroad. It is simply not done at home. The recent lawsuit brought by Professor Harold J. Laski showed that even a life-long socialist of radical tendency considers himself libelled when it is suggested that he could, under any circumstances, approve of a disturbance in England that might resemble the French and Russian Revolutions — glorious phenomena, no doubt, but only to be emulated by foreign nations. But the second World War gave the English an opportunity of tasting the joys of revolution without any inconvenience at home (or so it seemed). Revolution there was to be, and abroad (as usual), but this time the principal promoters were Englishmen.

The dreams and the theories discussed and expounded by “progressives” in clubs, literary coteries and “advanced circles” were to come true at last. Sedition, hitherto condemned by common opinion and curbed by the law, acquired all the respectability of patriotism. It was possible, while fighting for King and country, to promote the overthrow of Kings and

to instigate disruptive upheavals in other countries.

Two government Departments — of Political and Psychological Warfare — were created in Britain and charged with promoting insurrectionary Resistance in countries occupied by the enemy. Communists at first took little part in the Resistance because they had no intention of fighting anyone who was not fighting Russia. When Greece had defeated Italy, Zachariadis, the Secretary-General of the Greek Communist party, demanded a separate peace with Germany (in a letter dated January 15, 1941). But when Russia was attacked, the Communists everywhere joined the Resistance — and in so doing they began to change its character.

The Communists of the European mainland were particularly successful in their dealings with Great Britain. While they regarded her as their ultimate enemy, they led her to believe that they were her true allies. The consequence was that she went a long way towards the fulfillment of the course predicted by Hitler: that if Europe would not have National Socialism, it would have Communism.

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It was in Greece that National Socialism, a little less than a year before the surrender of Germany, made peace with Communism.

In Greece, the Communists were a cell that grew inside the Resistance until it dominated the whole organism. In accordance with their classical doctrine, they began to convert foreign war into civil war, national into international revolution. Secretly, at first, but in the end openly, they replaced war against the foreign invader with war against men of their own nation. The defeat of "German Imperialism" was merely incidental to the defeat of "British Imperialism" and the exclusion of "American Imperialism" from Europe.

The Communist Parties were but Russian auxiliary armies of pre-occupation and of post-occupation. It was their task to seize and hold strategic political positions so that control of Eastern Europe could be converted into an operational base for the revolutionary conquest of the world.

The Communists were indifferent to the terrible reprisals which even the killing of one German soldier or an attack on one German outpost drew upon the civilian population. These reprisals did not endanger the Communist cadres, but they spread misery, destitution, and disruption. A state of misery, ruin, and lawlessness was created which became the more favorable to Communism as hope in the arrival of British and American armies waned (after the Conference at Teheran).

II

The principal objective of the Communists in southeastern Europe was Greece, for with Greece under her control Russia would be on the Aegean, she would outflank the Straits, and would be able to threaten British Imperial communications in the eastern Mediterranean.

The Communist Partisans under Tito began to attack the nationalist *Chetniks*, under Mihailovich, as far back as the autumn of 1941. It was essential for the Communists to remove Mihailovich, because he was a great national figure, and unswerving in his loyalty to the western powers. As long as he had influence, it was impossible to convert the war of national defense into a war of revolutionary aggression, to establish a Communist dictatorship in Yugoslavia, to strike at Greek independence, and to organize southeastern Europe for the future struggle against Great Britain.

The support Mihailovich received from the western Allies was never considerable — "only a few droppings from aeroplanes," as Mr. Churchill said in the House of Commons on February 22, 1944. Tito's principal helpers were, at first, the would-be revolutionaries of England, who were numerous and influential in the Departments of Political and Psychological Warfare, in the Military Intelligence (especially at Cairo), in the BBC and in the daily press. They were particularly successful in falsifying information from Yugoslavia. The

BBC became the principal agency for the dissemination of propaganda in support of Tito. The broadcasts in Serb-Croat transmitted by the BBC in London, and those in Greek, transmitted by the British-controlled wireless station (known as GSIK) in Jerusalem, attacked the fundamental loyalties which had sustained the Serbs and the Greeks in the war against Germany. These broadcasts were deeply perplexing and disconcerting to all patriots, who were unable to understand why Great Britain stirred up revolution that divided the country against itself instead of keeping it united against the enemy, revolution which was sure to replace loyal and friendly governments by governments implacably hostile to the western powers.

Mr. Churchill, often uncritical in the choice of his friends and advisers, was consistently misinformed about the policy of Marshal Tito. His advisers in Greece had rather more insight, but the clue to the Greek situation was in Yugoslavia, not in Greece itself. The British public was grossly misled and deceived by journalists and broadcasters who, in their adulation of Russia were no longer able to distinguish national from anti-national interests, true friends from false, allies from enemies, or, for that matter, right from wrong. The height of perfidy was achieved when the BBC broadcasting in Serb-Croat falsified a speech by King Peter of Yugoslavia. King Peter had exhorted all Yugoslavs to unite. The BBC intro-

duced the transmission of his broadcast by asserting that King Peter had invited all Yugoslavs to unite "behind Tito" (broadcast on June 1, 1944). By one dexterous stroke the BBC succeeded in conveying to listeners in Yugoslavia the idea that Tito had at last won the support of King Peter.

The BBC in its Serb-Croat broadcasts, consistently attributed victories won by men under Mihailovich to the men commanded by Tito. The effect of these broadcasts in Yugoslavia was disastrous.

Communists, and a multitude of fellow-travelers who held official positions in England and overseas engendered an abundant propaganda which represented loyal and democratic Allied governments and their armies in the field as "fascist," "collaborationist," "anti-democratic" and "reactionary." By skillful briefing, by preparing memoranda from doctored information, by judiciously suppressing relevant truths, and by frustrating, or even removing, those who assessed the Balkan situation with accuracy or insight, subordinates succeeded in convincing their superiors that the soundest policy for Great Britain was a policy which was to make Russia master of southeastern Europe, Greece alone excepted.

Russian policy became clear as far back as 1942. Its purpose was the break-up of the political, economic and strategic structure of the Balkan peninsula, the creation of a new structure which would unite the Balkan countries in a federation under Russia,

and so give Russia command of the entrance to the Adriatic, and an operational base on the Aegean.

III

The Greek rebellion was a series of combined subversive, conspiratorial, economic and military operations, undertaken to carry out this Soviet policy. It was this, and nothing else.

The Greek resistance to the German army of occupation was organized by the EAM (National Liberation Front). Men, women and even children of every political allegiance took part. ELAS was the specifically Communist organization within EAM. The *Elasites* were the Greek counterpart of the Yugoslav Partisans and *en liaison* with them.

The *Elasites* fought the Germans for a time, for, if they had not done so, they would not have received arms, ammunition and money from Great Britain. But they were on terms of indirect alliance with the enemy — at first with the Bulgars, who had invaded Greece in the wake of the Germans and were massacring Greek peasants and burning villages. The intermediaries between ELAS and the Bulgars was the Macedonian organization known as SNOF (Slav-Macedonian Liberation Front). Bulgarian Communists held commands in EAM, which gradually came under the complete domination of the Greek Communist Party. The Bulgarian and Greek Communists combined in a ruthless war against Greek nationalists, destroying the Greek administra-

tion in Macedonia and executing Greek nationalists.

Russia never shared British illusions with regard to the military value of the resistance. She knew that Partisans and *Elasites* were of little use against the Germans, but highly effective as revolutionary armies which would, under Communist control, overthrow pro-western national governments and establish Communist dictatorships. It suited her extremely well that organizations which were instruments of her own expansion in Central and Eastern Europe and of her anti-British and anti-American policy, should be armed and financed by Great Britain.

The Greek and Bulgarian Communists signed a formal convention at Petritsi on July 12, 1943. They agreed, under this convention, to promote a Balkan Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics, consisting of Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece. Bulgaria was to have access to the Aegean; Constantinople and the Straits were to form an autonomous republic under Russian sovereignty; and Macedonia was to form an autonomous republic in the Balkan Union.

A year later ELAS came to terms with the Germans.

On July 27, 1944 *Kapetan* Kitsos of ELAS in Macedonia, wrote to Major Fenske, of the *Wehrmacht*, whose headquarters were at Vassilika, near Salonika, and proposed a meeting. Major Fenske accepted.

The first meeting was held early in August, at Charalambos. Kitsos took

with him *Kapetan* Hercules and a monk, named Octopis, who rode a mare called Electra. Major Fenske arrived with an interpreter. The discussion began at nine o'clock in the morning, around a table. Food and drink were served continually, as is the custom in Greece. Major Fenske said that Electra belonged to him and asked to have her back. Kitsos, whose men had captured or stolen her from the Germans, said he would give her back in exchange for arms and ammunition. Fenske replied that he would do anything to oblige Kitsos, but would have to consult headquarters. The discussion went on until six o'clock in the evening, by which time Major Fenske was completely drunk.

A further meeting was arranged for the end of August. This time Major Fenske arrived with a sergeant of the Gestapo, an interpreter, and eighteen soldiers of the *Wehrmacht*. Kitsos was again accompanied by Hercules and by several other *Kapetans*, by an interpreter, and by thirty *Elasites* whom Hercules had selected because of their fine appearance — they were put into German uniforms (which had been obtained at different times and in various ways) and formed a guard of honor which gave Fenske the salute when he arrived. The monk Octopis had returned to his monastery meanwhile.

The meeting was extremely cordial. Kitsos and Fenske grew so friendly in the course of the discussions that they got up and embraced and kissed each other. They agreed that there should

be an armistice between ELAS and the *Wehrmacht*. The terms were drafted at a further meeting in the monastery of St. Anastasia. The armistice was signed by Kitsos and Fenske on September 1, 1944. There were two documents, the one in German which was kept by the *Elasites*, and the other in Greek which was kept by the *Wehrmacht*.

The terms provided that the *Wehrmacht* should be allowed to withdraw from Greece without molestation and that it should supply ELAS with war material. A few days later the first supplies arrived — machine guns, revolvers, grenades, mines, ammunition for automatic rifles, and cases of Bulgarian artillery ammunition.

The *Elasites* occupied the center of Salonika without interference from the Germans, who held other parts of the town and some of the suburbs. The *Elasites* established a Communist dictatorship and carried out a "purge" of their political opponents, executing about 3000 persons. Their Political Commissar, Vafiadis, was formally responsible for these executions. Today he is known as *Kapetan* Markos and is the commander-in-chief of the rebels.

IV

The dictatorship was extended to the greater part of Greece, including the Peloponnesos. In December, the *Elasites* carried out a general "purge." Estimates of the number of persons executed vary widely — it was probably between 60,000 and 70,000. But

in their attempt to make themselves masters of the capital, the *Elasites* were defeated by a small force of British, for Mr. Churchill had finally, before it was too late (at least for Greece), perceived the consequences of the policy for which he had been chiefly responsible. This defeat enabled the Greek loyalists to rally, and the dictatorship was brought to an end.

The British sponsored an agreement between the *Elasites* and the Greek Government. It was signed at Varkiza on February 12, 1945. While it confirmed the military defeat of the *Elasites*, it saved them from political extinction. They agreed to surrender their weapons, while the Greek government agreed to observe "democratic principles," to repeal "illiberal laws," to respect "individual liberty" and to pass an amnesty for "political crimes."

The British had saved Greek independence from Communism. But, with their customary fairness to both sides, they gave Communism a chance to play a return match, as it were, and to renew the effort to make Russia master of Greece. The *Elasites* surrendered some of their more useless weapons, greased and concealed the remainder, went underground or found refuge in Albania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia and established a training center at Bulkes on Yugoslav territory. Last year, they re-appeared — from "underground" and from across the Yugoslav, Bulgarian and Albanian borders to re-open the civil war. They

gave up the name of ELAS and called themselves *Andartes*, meaning insurgents or rebels. The rebels of today are merely the *Elasites* under a new name. Now, as then, they are under the control of the Greek Communist Party. And they are, as they were before, the vanguard of the Russian advance on the eastern Mediterranean.

Their first important action in the renewed civil war was the attack, prepared on Yugoslav territory, against the Greek border town of Skra, on November 13, 1946. The attackers, numbering about 900, overpowered the garrison, numbering 100, and massacred 33 of the inhabitants. Similar attacks, followed by massacres, were made against Mandalos, Xirovrisi, Fitia, Vathi, Naoussa and other towns and villages.

On January 1, 1947, the rebels received yet a new name: the Democratic Army. Zachariadis, the Secretary-General of the Greek Communist Party, made an official statement on this occasion, their third baptism, commending them for their "attachment to national and patriotic ideals," their "democracy" and their "exemplary law-abiding character."

They have, however, received little support from Greek industrial labor, and even less from the peasantry (the poorest of the peasantry, in the Peloponnesos, are mostly Royalists).

The rebellion is in no sense a class war. Marxian categories have no relevance to a phenomenon which is neither a national nor a social revolution. The only categories that have rele-

vance are those of fascism, of National Socialism, and of National Communism — that is to say, of the neo-imperialistic counter-revolution, led, first by Italy and Germany, and now by Russia, against the national and social revolutions that came at the end of the first World War.

The Greek regular army is not big enough to defend every township and village and its long lines of communication against mobile *guerilleros* in vast and almost inaccessible mountain regions. But it has been able to protect the larger towns and the plains, and to prevent any big concentration of rebels.

The rebels have been waging economic warfare. They have become an army of saboteurs, with the economy of Greece as their principal objective. By attacking lines of communication, by destroying stores, depôts, and farms, by firing at peasants working in the fields, by compelling the Greek government to keep a conscript army and a large *gendarmérie* under arms, by creating a multitude of refugees (15,000 in Salonika alone), by dislocating trade and agriculture, by impeding reconstruction, and by imposing an intolerable financial burden on the Greek state, the rebels have been pushing Greece toward ruin.

In their whispering propaganda — which reaches the remotest villages — the Greek Communists talk of “the third round.” The first round was the Communist dictatorship established in 1944, the second round was the massacre in December of that same

year; the third round is the coming dictatorship which is to detach Macedonia from Greece, and incorporate the new Macedonia and the new Greek Soviet Republic in the Balkan Union of Soviet Republics under the domination of Russia; and the massacre which, by the extermination of all political opponents in Greece and Macedonia, will make the third round the last round. The massacres which began at Skra last November were a reminder of the second round and an intimation of the third.

The prospects closing in on the Greek people at the beginning of 1947 were: economic ruin, the loss of Macedonia, the end of national independence, and the extermination of thousands in the third round.

British financial aid enabled Greece to re-organize and re-equip her army and to undertake the campaign which is now in progress. If the campaign is successful, as it probably will be, the rebels will again go underground and seek refuge in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Greece will, with American help, be able to finance her economic and financial recovery, which will no longer be impeded by a costly and destructive civil war. The rebels will retain their cadres and remain a secret, conspiratorial organization in the service of the Communist International, until a new international crisis and the military preparedness of the Soviet Union enable them to play that third round, which has been postponed, and perhaps averted, by the new American foreign policy.

WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?

A STORY

BY DAVID WESTHEIMER

OPINION was evenly divided when Richard Ferrell married a widow with a small child. Some of his friends thought it was a very foolish thing to do; others believed it a charming gesture.

No one stopped to consider the fact that Ferrell was in love with Marilyn Porter, which is generally a good enough reason in itself for getting married. Ferrell himself had no doubts.

"How do you feel about Andy?" Marilyn had asked. Andy was her two-year-old child.

"What do you mean?" Ferrell had answered.

"I mean are you going to be a good father to him? If we have other children will you be just as good to him?"

"Don't be foolish," he had said. "You know I like children. I'm sure I'll feel that Andy is my own."

"Don't you feel that way now?"

"How can I? I think he's a cute kid, but I don't feel like his father. That'll take a little time."

Marilyn hadn't liked that. She wanted him to say something more reassuring.

"You know we won't be able to go out very much," she had warned. "A two year old is a lot of trouble. He'll get in your way."

"Look," Ferrell had said, "are you trying to tell me I don't want to marry you? I love you. I'll come to love Andy, I'm sure. What are you worrying about?"

Marilyn had believed him at last and they were married. On their wedding night she asked him again to be good to her child. During the rest of the honeymoon she never spoke of Andy except to say that she missed him.

Now they were back home. Ferrell looked around the new house he had bought. The house cost more than he wanted to pay but they had to have two bedrooms.

"Why can't we start out in a small place?" he had asked. "We can put Andy's bed in the living room at night and keep it in our room the rest of the time."

Marilyn would not hear of it. "We simply have to get a place with two bedrooms. I want Andy to have a

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room of his own. You aren't regretting your bargain already?"

Of course there was nothing Ferrell could say to that. He had bought the larger place and said nothing more about it.

There was a nice yard in back where Andy could play. Ferrell looked out the window. The grass had been planted in neat rows and was just starting to spread. By the middle of summer there would be a nice grassy lawn.

Marilyn came into the room behind Ferrell. She was a lovely woman. Her black hair was braided and wound around her head and child-bearing had failed to harm her figure. She put her arm around her husband's shoulder.

"What are you thinking about, darling?" she asked.

Ferrell took her free hand in his without turning around. "In a couple of months there'll be enough grass for Andy to play."

Marilyn kissed him on the back of the neck, just above his collar, and laid her head against his shoulder.

"I'm so happy that you thought about Andy," she said. "I just know you're going to be wonderful to him, even if he's not your child."

Somehow that displeased Ferrell. "He is mine now."

"Oh, I know that," said Marilyn. "I mean really."

"Look Marilyn, let's pretend from now on that Andy is ours, yours and mine. I'm not asking you to forget Andrew. I'm not jealous of him, but

let's not have any mixed-up feelings about Andy."

"I was silly," she answered. "Just don't pay any attention to anything I say. You know how I really feel."

II

When Andy woke up from his nap he cried out for his mother. She picked him up, fondled him and laughed while he fretted. Ferrell stood in the doorway and watched. He felt as if he belonged there, with Marilyn and Andy. He sat down while Marilyn dressed the child.

Andy made little whining noises like a puppy. "Oh, he's so sleepy," said Marilyn. "Say hello to daddy."

Ferrell got Andy's socks and handed them to Marilyn with almost fatherly pride. She read his expression and smiled at him.

After dinner they sat in the living room. Andy played on the floor with his trains. He was a nice little kid, Ferrell thought. Right now he liked Andy just the same way he liked other nice little kids, but he knew that would change and Andy would be something special.

"It's nice, isn't it?" said Marilyn, flashing the same warm smile which had first attracted Ferrell to her.

"Who'd have thought I'd be domesticated so quickly," said Ferrell. He sat down on the floor by Andy. The child was playing some mysterious game which demanded all of his attention.

"Move over, Dick," Andy said. He hadn't learned to speak clearly yet

and Ferrell was proud of himself for understanding.

"Don't say 'Dick,'" Marilyn called. "Say daddy."

Andy looked up. "Daddy." He giggled. "Daddy, daddy, paddy."

Ferrell and Marilyn laughed. Andy knew they were laughing at him and he giggled more than ever, repeating silly words that rhymed with daddy.

"He thinks he's so smart," said Marilyn.

Ferrell picked him up and whirled him in the air. "Whose little boy are you?" he demanded.

"Mommy's boy."

"Oh, that boy loves his mommy," cried Marilyn. She jumped up from the couch and snatched Andy out of Ferrell's arms. She danced around the room with Andy, singing a nursery rhyme. She stopped in the middle of the room, breathless.

"You're daddy's boy too."

"No, mommy's boy."

"He'll get used to you," said Marilyn. "He's such a mother's boy," she added with pride. "He loves his mother better than anything."

When she put Andy to bed she made him kiss Ferrell good night. Andy was an affectionate child and he put his arms around Ferrell's neck.

"Whose little boy are you?" Ferrell asked hopefully.

"Mommy's boy."

"He'll get over that," said Marilyn. "Before long he'll be making life miserable for you."

In one way Marilyn and Dick were a lucky couple. Andy's presence did

not keep them from going out at night because Ferrell had an older brother, Charles, with two children of his own. Andy was always welcome there and he enjoyed staying with his cousins.

The first time they left Andy at his uncle's, Marilyn spent a miserable evening. They went dancing, and had scarcely been seated at a table when Marilyn started worrying aloud.

"Do you think Andy is going to be all right?"

"Of course he is."

"What if he wakes up and wants me?"

"Sophie is raising two children. She'll know what to do." Sophie was Charles' wife. "Come on, let's dance."

Marilyn was a marvellous dancer. She was the most attractive woman on the floor and Ferrell saw that a number of men couldn't keep their eyes off her.

"It looks like I've got the belle of the ball," he said.

Marilyn laughed unselfconsciously. "Flatterer," she murmured. "Poor Andrew, he never could dance well. You ought to be a gigolo, darling."

It was Ferrell's turn to laugh. "That's more like you. The evening's picking up."

Marilyn stopped dancing. "Are you sure he'll be all right, Dick? If he cries all night I'll never forgive myself."

"Don't worry. He's probably fast asleep right now."

"I don't think you love Andy as much as I do," Marilyn complained.

"I don't see how you can enjoy yourself so easily when he may be crying for me."

"Do you want to go home?" Ferrell demanded.

"No, it's just that I can't help but worry, even if I know he must be all right."

"Then forget about Andy for a while and have a good time," Ferrell said testily. He knew immediately that he had said the wrong thing.

"How can you ask me to forget my own child?"

"Oh, Marilyn, you know what I meant."

"No, I don't. Let's go get Andy. I'm having a miserable time."

That sort of thing happened only once or twice. Marilyn loved to dance and she was fond of movies. Once she was sure that Andy was not rending the night with anguished wails she took frequent advantage of opportunities to go out.

III

Sometimes Andy would cry out at night. At first Ferrell did not awaken, but one night he was dimly conscious of a child crying and of Marilyn getting out of bed. When he awakened in the morning Andy was in bed with them.

Marilyn was apologetic. "He cried out last night and I had to bring him in here. Did he bother you?"

"I should say not. I didn't even know he was in bed."

"He's getting too big to sleep with his mother," said Marilyn. She drew

the child close to her. "You've got to stay in your own bed, Andy."

Before Ferrell left for the office he played with Andy for a few minutes. The child was happy and excited.

"Whose little boy are you?" Ferrell asked hopefully.

"Mommy's boy."

"Keep trying, Dick," said Marilyn. "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"I'm not worried. He'll be throwing rocks at you by the time I get through charming him."

When Ferrell came home that night Marilyn met him at the door.

"I want you to talk to Andy. He's been bad today. He's been biting."

"Me talk to him? What can I do? That's your department."

"Oh, no, it's not. You're his father and you've got to correct him."

"Can't you wait until he gets to know me a little better?"

"I suppose you're right. But some of these days you're going to have to start spanking him."

Andy's first spanking came about naturally. Ferrell was reading the paper one night and the child knocked it out of his hand.

"Don't do that, Andy," said Ferrell. He picked up the paper and resumed his reading. Andy grabbed the paper and tore it.

"If you do that again you're going to get a spanking," Ferrell warned. Andy did it again.

Ferrell jumped up angrily. Andy was frightened and ran away.

"Don't you run from me," Ferrell cried heatedly. Andy began crying as

soon as Ferrell took hold of his arm. Ferrell would have liked to let the matter drop but it was too late for that. Andy ran to his mother after he had been spanked.

"That's what you get for not minding daddy," she said. She looked up at Ferrell and laughed. "Don't look so miserable, darling. He isn't hurt. In five minutes he'll have forgotten."

She was right. Andy took the spanking as a matter of course. Ferrell began to realize that rancor is not a childish trait.

Andy always called for his mother a few minutes after being put to bed. One night when he made his usual outcry Marilyn was reading and asked Ferrell to see what Andy wanted.

"Drink of water," said Andy.

"I'll get it for you," Ferrell answered.

"No, mommy."

Ferrell felt snubbed. "Marilyn, he wants a drink of water. He wants you to give it to him."

She answered from the living room: "Go ahead and get him a drink. He'll take it from you."

Andy took the glass of water and drank it greedily. Ferrell felt like a man who had tempted a squirrel to take a nut from his hand.

"Whose little boy are you?" he asked hopefully.

"Mommy's boy."

Ferrell went into the front room: "Marilyn, when is he going to start admitting he's my boy?"

"He'll come around, but he really loves his mother. Jealous?"

"No, of course not. Well, there's one consolation; he calls me daddy."

"Do you really feel as if he's your own, Dick?"

"I'm getting that way. I wish I could get him to say he's daddy's boy."

"Don't worry about it. It doesn't mean anything. You've got to get used to his loving his mother so much. He'll always love me more than you."

Ferrell awakened regularly when Andy cried out in the night. The child would moan and then call for his mother. Marilyn told her husband that all children did that at Andy's age, but it continued to disturb Ferrell.

He would lie in bed, listening, while Marilyn comforted her child, and sometimes he would reach over and tickle Andy's foot when Marilyn brought him to their bed.

"I'm really going to have to put my foot down," she said one morning. "Andy wet our bed again."

"I don't mind, as long as it's on your side."

"Oh, you jackass! Be serious. I mean he's too old to keep wanting to get in bed with us."

As time went on, Ferrell got in the habit of getting up when Andy cried out and sometimes would bring the child to bed with him. Finally Marilyn decided that the time had come really to break Andy of his habit and she insisted that Ferrell let the child remain in his own bed.

After a few rebuffs, however, Andy devised a scheme. Marilyn had called

to him to go back to sleep when Ferrell heard a patter of feet. He could feel Andy climbing into bed and he laughed aloud.

"Hush," said Marilyn, "don't let him think it's funny. Put him in his own bed."

Wordlessly Ferrell got up to do as she asked. He was reaching for Andy when Marilyn stopped him.

"I don't think you want him here with us," she said.

"But you told me to put him back in his bed."

"Do you have to do everything I say? Let him stay."

"All right. I wish you would make up your mind."

Marilyn knew he was angry and she reached over and pressed his hand. Ferrell squeezed back.

Ferrell was a good playmate for Andy. He tossed him around like a rubber ball, and Andy loved rough treatment. He sang to Andy, danced for him and repaired his toys. Marilyn looked on happily. She loved especially her husband's little ritual after he had done something which pleased Andy.

"Whose little boy are you?" he would ask.

The answer was always the same. "Mommy's boy." That pleased Marilyn more than anything else.

"Look at this," Marilyn said to Ferrell one evening. "Look at this nice truck in the paper. Get one for Andy when you go to town tomorrow."

"Another truck? Good Lord, Mari-

lyn, he's got more than he plays with right now."

"Oh, don't be so stingy."

Ferrell was infuriated. "I am not stingy! I just don't see any reason why he ought to have another truck."

"If he was your own child you wouldn't act like that."

Ferrell sprang from his chair. "That was a dirty thing to say! You know that isn't any kind of reason at all."

He did not speak to her again until they went to bed. As they lay warm and intimate, the necessity of making his feelings known forced him to speak.

"Look, Marilyn," he said, "I wish you would realize that Andy is just like my own child. I didn't want him to have the truck because he doesn't need it. You know I want him to be happy and have whatever he wants."

"Oh, I do know that, darling. I'm sorry I said what I did. Forgive me?"

Ferrell forgave her, feeling foolish because they were treating the matter so solemnly. He knew also how futile the discussion was, and how little result it would have.

When he left for the office next morning Marilyn kissed him goodbye and said, "You won't forget the truck for Andy, will you?"

Ferrell felt the unfairness of the request intensely. "Yes," he said, "I'll bring him a truck."

IV

They had been to two movies and a nightclub in the same week when Marilyn decided she wanted to hear a

new orchestra at a downtown hotel.

"Do you think Charles and Sophie would mind keeping Andy tonight?" she asked at the dinner table.

"Of course not," Ferrell said. "Where do you want to go?"

"George Hamilton is coming to the Sam Houston tonight. Don't you think that'll be fun?"

"That's a fine idea. I like Hamilton's orchestra. Just let me give Charley a ring and make sure he's going to be home."

He came back from the phone looking disappointed. "They're going out tonight. I offered to take care of their kids but they already have a sitter."

"Oh, that's too bad, darling. I know how much you were set on going."

"I don't mind. It was your idea in the first place. I'm perfectly content to sit at home and listen to the radio. You want daddy to stay home and play with you, Andy?"

"Yes," said Andy, "play horsey."

Marilyn would not let the matter drop. "I know I'd just as soon stay home, but it must be hard on you, not being able to go out when you want. After all, I'm used to it."

"Really, Marilyn, I don't mind."

"You needn't pretend, darling. If it wasn't for Andy you could go out any time. I hope you don't hold it against him."

"Good Lord, are you bringing that up again? How many times do I have to tell you it doesn't make a particle of difference?"

He turned on the radio and pre-

tended to dance with Andy. They held hands and circled gravely, Andy lifting his feet in imitation of Ferrell. Ferrell picked him up suddenly and threw him into the air. Andy shouted with delight and cried for more.

He was tossed into the air and caught until they were both tired of the game.

"Whose little boy are you?" Ferrell demanded.

"Mommy's and daddy's," said Andy.

"Hey, Marilyn, did you hear that?" Ferrell shouted.

"Hear what?" she asked.

"Listen. Whose little boy are you?"

Andy giggled. "Mommy's boy."

"What's so unusual about that?" Marilyn demanded.

"Wait. What did you say before, Andy? Tell your mother what you told daddy."

"Mommy's and daddy's."

"See," Ferrell said triumphantly, "he said it, I'm catching up on you."

"You just think you are." Marilyn seized Andy and kissed him. "He's mommy's little boy, that's whose he is."

Ferrell lay in bed for a long time without speaking that night. He turned over on his side and put his arm around Marilyn.

With his mouth close to her ear he said, "Why don't you let me adopt Andy? When he gets older, it's going to look funny for him to have a different name from ours."

"Darling, I thought we settled that before we were married."

"You never said anything definite. You said we'd talk about it when we knew how things were going to be. Now we know. Andy thinks of me as his daddy."

"I don't want his name changed! It wouldn't be fair to his father."

"You've almost forgotten Andy's father. You just don't want to share Andy with me."

They went to sleep without having settled anything. Soon Ferrell stopped calling the child Andy.

"Come on, Speedy," he would say. "Let's play horse." It was always Speedy.

Marilyn did not like the nickname. "Why have you suddenly started calling him Speedy?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It's a good nickname for a boy. It describes him, too. Look at him racing around. Hey, Speedy, come here. What's your name?"

Andy looked at his mother. Her lips formed the word "Andy."

"Andy," he said.

"So," Ferrell said, prompting him. "Look at me son. Don't look at mommy. Now, what's your name?"

"Speedy."

"Whose little boy are you?"

"Daddy's."

"Whose?" cried Marilyn, louder than she had intended.

"Mommy's," said Andy, uncertainly.

"You may have got him mixed up about his name," said Marilyn, "but he knows who he loves. He's mommy's little boy."

Andy was busy lining up his trucks on the floor. Instead of answering Marilyn, Ferrell sat down beside the boy.

"Here, let me help you. Are you going to be an engineer like your daddy?"

"No," Marilyn interrupted fiercely, "he's going to be a lawyer like his father."

She picked Andy up and took him to his room. Ferrell could hear her singing and talking baby talk.

"Come kiss mommy's boy good-night," she called.

Marilyn began letting Andy have his way in everything. She gave him sweets between meals and bought him toys nearly every day. She never asked Ferrell to bring home toys any more. She always bought them herself.

Ferrell's protests did no good.

"Don't you want me to be nice to Andy?" Marilyn would answer. "You're not jealous of him, are you?"

Marilyn never scolded Andy when he was bad. She always waited for Ferrell to correct Andy whenever he did anything naughty.

She would meet Ferrell at the door. "Andy was bad today," she would say, "and I want you to spank him."

"It won't do any good to spank him now," Ferrell always protested, "you should have disciplined him when he was bad instead of waiting for me."

"But you're his father. It isn't my place to spank him. That's the father's job."

Luckily, Andy did not resent the

spankings. After he learned it was not going to hurt he didn't even cry. Ferrell quit asking the child whose little boy he was because it seemed to irritate Marilyn.

One evening when Ferrell came home from work Marilyn greeted him with, "Hello, Speedy."

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

"Oh, I had a long talk with Sophie today. She told me that was your nickname when you were a kid. Confess, that's why you call Andy that, isn't it?" There was a trace of accusation in her voice.

"I guess it is. You don't really mind, do you?"

"Of course not, darling. It's cute. I wish you had told me, though, instead of pretending there wasn't any reason for it."

"Now you know what a deceitful husband you have."

"I've got a wonderful husband," she said. She kissed him on the cheek. "You love Andy, don't you?"

"You know I do, Marilyn. Whatever made you ask that?"

She didn't answer. The evening was an exciting one for Andy. Both his parents outdid themselves to please him. He was so tired that he fell asleep at once when he was put to bed.

"He won't wake up tonight," Marilyn predicted. But she was wrong.

He did wake up, frightened by a nightmare.

"Daddy," he called, "daddy."

Ferrell woke up with a start. He went to Andy's room but the child was already asleep. He came back and got in bed.

"Did you hear Andy cry out?" he asked.

"Yes, I heard him," said Marilyn. She was crying.

TWO DEAR GODS

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

At ebb of tide, the tall marsh grasses
Bow to the sea. When tide edges
Slowly in, the blades all stand
Genuflecting toward the land —
Two altars decked in cloth-of-green;
Two gods, (and grasses torn between).
One who loves both fields and ocean
Comprehends such dual devotion.

WHY NOT DIRT HOUSES?

BY EARL KIRMSER

A HOUSE built twenty-five years ago at Cabin John, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D. C., attracted an unusually interested crew of "sidewalk superintendents." These onlookers watched the house-owner-to-be take the dirt from the cellar excavation and pound it into frames to form walls eighteen inches thick. They were sure the house wouldn't last. It was a two-story house in the Dutch colonial style, and the roof which the dirt walls were to support weighed eighteen tons. The betting was that in a year or two the roof would be settling down over a mud pile.

That house, one of few built in recent years in the United States of rammed earth, is still standing, and the walls are in good shape.

Durability is one of the strong points of rammed-earth construction. A rammed-earth church building at Sumter, South Carolina, with walls forty feet high, is nearly a century old; it has survived earthquake (1886), hurricane (1895) and tornado (1903). St. Augustine, Florida, has a rammed-earth house almost four cen-

turies old. In the Rhône River area in France there are rammed-earth houses which have stood for nine hundred years and are still habitable.

Rammed-earth construction has a good many attractions: the materials are abundant and cheap; unskilled labor can do the job easily and quickly; the results are strong, fire-proof, heat-and-cold resistant, vermin- (including termite) proof and, to a high degree, soundproof. The use of rammed earth does not involve sacrifice of architectural beauty: houses of many styles can be built of rammed-earth. Natural soil pigments can be mixed in with earth for exterior decoration, and interiors can be painted, whitewashed or plastered, though not always papered.

Building a rammed-earth wall is a simple process. A wooden form is needed, something similar to that used for pouring concrete, but a single section is sufficient. When the form is rammed full, it can be moved alongside or above the completed portion of the wall to allow further ramming. The rammer is merely a handle with a weighted metal head.

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The earth selected for ramming must be loose and moist — but not wet — free of roots, large stones and clods. Earth is thrown inside the form to a depth of four or five inches and workers standing inside the form tamp or ram this earth down to solidity. The resulting hard layer will be about two inches thick. After one layer is rammed into solidity, loose earth is again thrown inside the forms, and the process is repeated.

Rammed-earth walls are strong enough while in the process of construction to bear the weight of the workers and the forms, and there need be no waiting period before the roof is added.

II

The National Bureau of Standards has tested rammed earth and four other types of earth-wall construction. These were adobe, bitudobe, monolithic terracrete and terracrete blocks. Adobe is dried mud brick. Bitudobe is adobe plus a bituminous stabilizer. Terracrete is rammed-earth cement made by mixing in a small amount of Portland cement.

The Bureau reported:

The adobe, bitudobe and rammed-earth walls carried compressive loads up to 100 pounds per square inch; the terracrete walls were much stronger, carrying compressive loads up to 800 pounds per square inch. . . . All of the walls withstood transverse loads, such as are produced by the wind, of 54 pounds per square foot or more. The performance under impact was better than that of many types of masonry walls, and like

masonry walls the earth walls resisted concentrated loads extremely well, except near sharp corners. The racking strengths [wind blowing against intersecting walls produces a "racking load"] of the adobe, bitudobe and rammed-earth walls were of the order of 2080 to 3000 pounds per foot, while those of the terracrete walls were greater than 6250 pounds per foot. These values may be compared with 2000 pounds per foot for conventional frame construction, and 3000 to 4000 pounds per foot for tile or cement block construction.

From the point of view of the structural properties, all five forms of earth construction are quite satisfactory for one- and two-story houses, provided the work is done by persons who have had some training and the composition and moisture content of the earth used are controlled within suitable limits.

The Farm Security Administration, which has built a test group of seven rammed-earth homes at Gardendale, Alabama, found rammed-earth blocks capable of bearing 33 tons a square foot and the finished walls able to hold up 10 to 20 tons a square foot, which it said was from 10 to 20 times the maximum load ever put on the wall of a house.

It has been estimated that 80 per cent of the soils in the United States are suitable for rammed-earth construction. Extensive experiments conducted over fifteen years at South Dakota State College have defined the best ramming soil as one consisting of 75 per cent sand and 25 per cent clay and silt, with about 10 per cent moisture content. Test blocks of rammed earth containing more clay have stronger initial strength (one

such block, nine inches on a side, withstood 877 pounds pressure per square inch); but a more sandy soil reduces shrinkage, produces a better finish in the wall and increases resistance to weathering.

While it is best to find the soil already properly mixed by nature, it is simple and practical to add the proper elements to soil at the building site in order to bring the earth to optimum ramming conditions.

The Dakota tests showed that rammed-earth walls increase in strength with age, sometimes as much as 45 per cent in the first two years.

III

How does rain affect rammed earth?

The test structures built at South Dakota State College, for which the best soils were used, are expected to last indefinitely without protective covering of any kind on the face of the walls. Driving rains wear away rammed-earth exteriors somewhat during the first two years but have little effect on them thereafter. A rammed-earth home near Washington, D. C. (where the normal annual rainfall is 42.3 inches) has remained in good condition for nearly 20 years; the walls of this house were erected on weekends by inexperienced labor under the direction of the owner, not a professional builder.

The South Dakota experimenters nevertheless believe that most soils used for rammed-earth construction should have a protective cover, such as stucco or plaster. The Bureau of

Standards, whose test soils were not of the best as defined by South Dakota experiment results, reported that earth walls must be protected against erosion by driving rains. Terracrete walls showed greater resistance to such erosion.

A rammed-earth wall is vulnerable to moisture seeping into it by capillary action from the ground, which means that it is necessary to give it a good concrete foundation (preferably waterproofed at the top) at least as wide as the wall.

Some confusion of language surrounds testimony about insulating qualities. The Bureau of Standards reported the "rate of transfer" through earth walls to be "about the same as that through ordinary concrete of the same thickness." But it added that earth walls have high "heat capacity" which aided in reducing fluctuations in temperature. Besides, rammed-earth walls are customarily built to greater thickness than walls of more conventional construction. The Farm Security Administration's tests indicated that the "thermal conductivity" of walls in the Gardendale houses was practically zero, and that the dwellings were "exceptionally cool in summer and easily and cheaply heated in winter."

Because labor is the biggest factor, costs of rammed-earth house construction are extremely variable. At Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, a small home (five rooms, bathroom, two porches), complete with plumbing, lighting and all finish-

ing, was built in 1936 for \$887.80. At the prevailing union labor scales that same year, the Farm Security Administration's three-bedroom houses at Gardendale, Alabama, cost \$2750 (materials \$1050, labor \$1700), the two-bedroom homes \$2050 (materials \$750, labor \$1300). Factory workers, pooling their own labor in evening work in a cooperative rammed-earth housing project near Detroit in 1942, figured the cost for a two-bedroom dwelling at \$1700.

The Farm Security Administration decided that the use of rammed-earth made possible "a house which can be built in some areas and under certain conditions for approximately two-thirds the cost of frame dwellings of comparable space and functional design." Costs of other fireproof construction have been held to be as much as three times greater than those for rammed earth. On the other side of the picture, a builder in Salinas, California, found no economy in rammed-earth construction: his workers, averaging two-thirds cubic yards per eight-hour man-day for twelve- and fifteen-inch steel-enforced rammed-earth walls, were paid \$1.65 an hour. In a high-priced labor market, rammed-earth construction is cheaper only if the builder:

1. Uses the spare-time, free labor of himself and his family;
2. Is a participant in, or beneficiary of, a large-scale housing project which can benefit from mutual self-help labor, or the organization

of experienced crews or machinery to cut down the labor cost.

Little has been done to mechanize rammed-earth construction, but tests at the University of California have shown that a construction speed of seven cubic feet per man-hour can be attained with mechanical rammers, as against two cubic feet per man-hour for hand-ramming by an experienced crew.

IV

The principal barrier to widespread use of rammed-earth housing in the United States seems to be ignorance.

A poll taken of fifty-three city building inspectors brought these results: twenty-two said they had never heard of rammed earth, and thirteen reported that they knew of it only in vague, general terms.

Requests for rammed-earth building permits are practically non-existent. In any case, most city building codes would not permit it. There are more than two thousand city building codes in this country, and most of them require specific kinds and dimensions of materials; rammed earth is not recognized as a building material.

Louisville's chief building inspector replied to an inquiry: "This type of construction would not be permitted under the building code of Louisville or that of any other incorporated city, and in my professional opinion this type of house could only be erected in country districts where no building

code demands a properly-constructed building in an accepted term. I cannot possibly see any future for this type of building." In Minneapolis the answer was: "No one has been crazy enough to apply for such a permit." But a Tallahassee building inspector stated his belief that rammed earth might be successful in areas where labor costs are low, where a suitable soil mixture is available, and where the annual rainfall is not more than twenty inches.

Organized building-trades labor would probably be opposed to any widespread adoption of rammed-earth construction just as it has already indicated opposition to prefabrication. (It should be noted, however, that labor's share of the expenditure for a rammed-earth house is proportionately high, although the need for skilled craft labor is less.)

Government mortgage-insurance agencies are reluctant to consider rammed-earth houses a good risk.

Answering Henry Hassey, a Maplewood, N. J., resident who has subjected the Federal Housing Administration to a mail bombardment of several years' duration on this subject, the Federal Housing Authority has stated that there is a lack of "general public acceptance" of rammed earth, and a difficulty — "in the absence of long time successful experience in constructing walls by this method" — of exercising the "necessary control" over the "selection and resulting composition of the material."

At the same time the FHA admits

that other government departments "in some instances" have encouraged rammed-earth construction. (As indeed they have, including the Farm Security Administration, the Office of Indian Affairs, the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Standards.) The FHA nevertheless refuses to insure mortgages on rammed earth because "we believe it is extremely difficult to accurately predict its soundness and durability."

Commenting on a proposal by Mr. Hassey that the government sponsor a housing project employing rammed earth, the National Housing Agency's technical director recently said: "At the present time there does not seem to be any ready form of testing equipment which will permit an analysis of the soil to ascertain whether any given earth will make satisfactory rammed-earth construction." (While not equipped to handle testing on a mass basis, the South Dakota State College agricultural engineering department has been conducting laboratory tests of soil samples, using a hydrometer method developed at Michigan State College.)

It would appear that the time has come for the various government agencies concerned with housing construction to agree on some consistent attitude toward rammed earth. It is not a new, untried method for wall construction, and it offers, at a time of acute housing shortage traceable in considerable part to building material shortages, a largely unused, abundant source of material.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT PALESTINE

BY MOSHE BRILLIANT

IN PALESTINE today, news-hungry citizens frequently tune in American radio stations to find out what is happening right around the corner from their homes.

The local press, when it is not silenced completely by Government suspensions or curfews, is carefully censored by the British authorities. The Jerusalem radio station, which is run by the Government, is plainly biased. The same applies to the BBC in London, which is also a Government monopoly. For many Palestinians the American news services are the best available to them. But how good are the best?

Some of America's outstanding newspapermen have been sending penetrating and comprehensive dispatches from Palestine in the past few months. But there has also been much bad reporting. Confused by the conflicting reports and by the propaganda of some vested interests, the American public has retained many notions about the Holy Land which astonish a visitor from Palestine. Legends which have been discredited time and again continue to flourish.

A number of these legends are perpetuated deliberately. For instance, the British piously affirm that their troops are needed in the Holy Land to keep Arabs and Jews from flying at each other's throats. In a recent statement in London, the Cabinet declared: "His Majesty's Government are not prepared to continue indefinitely to govern Palestine themselves merely because Arabs and Jews cannot agree."

Ernest Bevin, the Labour Government's blustering Foreign Minister, must have penned that sentence with his tongue in his cheek. To close observers of the Palestine scene, his statement came as a distinct shock.

The truth about Britain's mission in Palestine is that it never was altruistic. In support of this assertion we can cite a memorandum prepared two years ago by the Cairo Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and submitted to the British Commonwealth Relations Conference. "Britain is in the Middle East chiefly for strategic reasons," the document declared.

Though the King of England is patron of the Royal Institute and

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Foreign Minister Bevin, Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden have been its Presidents, it is an unofficial society. But the significance of the memorandum for the Commonwealth Relations Conference lies in the fact that it was prepared by the Institute's Cairo Group, which is headed by Brigadier I. N. Clayton, the top British intelligence man in the Middle East. The Cairo Group represents a cross-section of British interests in the Middle East and it surely knew what it was talking about when it affirmed that continued British domination of the Middle East was imperative if the British Empire was to survive.

Only now, when the Empire is bankrupt, has the thought of relinquishing their position in the Middle East occurred to the British. Hence, Bevin's whimper about an unwilling Britain saddled with an unwanted policing job in Palestine for the last quarter-century is a falsehood.

II

The greatest surprise that visitors to Palestine experience is the patent absence of Arab-Jewish friction.

Even the fanatical Grand Mufti, who would like nothing better than an inter-racial clash which might draw neighboring Arab countries into the battle, realizes that the Arab masses are not ready to tangle with the Jews. From his exile in Egypt, the Mufti is ordering his secret armies not to fight the Jews; they are only to intimidate moderate Arabs against doing business with Zionists. The fact

that the Mufti has found it necessary to order the assassination of moderate Arabs, including one of his own Husseini kinsmen, shows his concern about the trend of Arab-Jewish relations, and debunks the legend which Ernest Bevin tried to perpetuate.

What worries the Mufti is the cordial relations between many Arabs and Jews on the medium and lower levels. That spirit is strikingly evident in the memberships of Rotary Clubs in all leading cities. They cut across political and national lines. It is noteworthy that the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv and the neighboring Arab-dominated city of Jaffa do not have separate Rotary clubs, but run one together for the twin cities. The membership of the Jaffa-Tel Aviv Club is overwhelmingly Jewish, but two Arabs have been elected president in the past few years. At weekly lunches, Arab and Jewish businessmen, engineers, agriculturists, physicians and newspapermen discuss current problems together (but they avoid politics). Not infrequently, I overheard Arab physicians invite Jewish specialists for consultation.

I had one gratifying experience with the staff of an Arab nationalist paper which brings into sharp relief the spirit of professional cooperation between Arabs and Jews. During one of the frequent sieges of Tel Aviv by the British, all telephone and telegraph communications and all transportation were cut off. I had to get several stories through to my paper, the *Palestine Post*, a pro-Zionist daily

published in Jerusalem. I went to Jaffa to the office of *A Difaa*.

For four days, the extreme Arab nationalists of that newspaper smilingly allowed me to tie up one of their two telephone lines in the hours of the evening when they needed it most. They put their only English typewriter at my disposal, and gave me a separate room. Arab restaurants were closed because it was the month of Ramadan, when Moslems fast from sunrise to sunset, but somewhere they obtained food for me. They put their car at my disposal, and even ordered the driver to take me back to Tel Aviv at midnight, a gesture I refused because it was too risky to drive through streets under curfew in a civilian car. They helped deliver the *Palestine Post* to newsstands, because the paper's regular distributors were housebound in Tel Aviv.

When I came to pay the bill after the emergency was over, the cashier smiled: "The editor left instructions that it should be charged to his personal account."

On other levels, too, there is co-operation. When an Arab peasant hurts his hand, he generally hastens to the nearest communal farm to have a Jewish doctor treat his injury. In the cities, underpaid Arab and Jewish civil servants formed a joint professional organization and went on a strike against the government together. Striking Arab and Jewish employees of the British army marched side by side through Tel Aviv in a demonstration last year.

There are also business relations between the two communities. The Zionist boycott proclaimed by the Arab League has little popular support in Palestine and has deteriorated into a racket for underworld characters, who beat up Arab purchasers of Jewish goods and "confiscate" the merchandise. There are some land transactions between Arabs and Jews, and a considerable part of last year's Jewish citrus crop was purchased by Arab merchants who were speculating upon bumper prices in Europe.

Counter-balancing these positive factors in Arab-Jewish relationship is the political friction at the top level, the competition in the labor market and the intimidation of moderates by Arab extremists.

Jews and Arabs have fought occasionally in the last few years and the world has been informed of every scratch suffered by a combatant. The importance of these incidents has been magnified. They are generally of a private nature, and occur about as often as quarrels between Jews and Jews, Arabs and Arabs or Americans and Americans. The fact that none of the quarrels in Palestine has developed into a wider inter-community clash is the truest gauge of the temper of the country.

Some cynical observers believe that the cordiality of the Arabs is influenced subconsciously by a respect arising out of the recent display of Jewish might. As a sweeping insinuation, that is unfair. That consideration does not influence the professionals who main-

tain friendly cooperation. But it is true that Arabs are apt sometimes to confuse their sense of justice with their admiration of power. This was made clear to me when I went to the cinema with a prominent Arab banker. It was early in the war and we saw a British propaganda film, *The Lion Has Wings*.

By contrasting sequences of life in Germany and England before the war, the picture set out to show the justice of the British cause. A scene of German tanks rumbling through Berlin was followed by a shot of baby carriages being wheeled through a London park; pictures of Hitler haranguing a militant Nazi youth group were followed by flashes of King George with a party of British boy scouts singing *Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree*, and touching his hands to his chest and head and throwing up his arms in the prescribed manner.

"*Mijnoon* (crazy)," my Arab friend laughed. "It is German propaganda. It shows that while the King of England played childish games, the Germans were preparing for war!"

The Arab mentality, which regarded the film as German propaganda because it showed that the Germans were stronger than the British, was further evidenced during the war when the Arabs were pro-Hitler as long as the Germans were winning, but switched their sympathy when the tide of the fighting turned. Perhaps it does in a measure explain why they have more respect for the Jews now than ever before. There is no

doubt that some of the brazen exploits of the Jewish underground have captured the imagination of the Arab masses. That is, of course, an unsound basis for friendship, as anything could happen if some outside element encouraged the Arabs and bolstered their confidence in their own strength.

III

The legend concerning the mighty forces in neighboring Arab states poised to strike at Palestine if the British allow large-scale Jewish immigration has been frequently discredited, but it still survives.

Foreign Minister Bevin professes to fear it, but his own military experts in the Middle East think otherwise. Their opinions are seldom made public, but members of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry elicited their views when they visited the Middle East last year. The experts gave their evidence behind closed doors, but some Committee members have disclosed the tenor of their testimony.

One American member, James G. MacDonald, quoted the British experts as saying that they considered a pro-Jewish solution easier to enforce than a pro-Arab one. Another American, Bartley Crum, told me that a British general had stated in evidence that the Jewish self-defense formations, in the event of the withdrawal of British forces from Palestine, could hold the country against any combination of Arab forces for several years without help from outside.

The irrefutable fact is that the Haganah, the Jewish secret army in Palestine, is technically superior to any Arab army.

King Abdullah of Transjordan, Palestine's eastern neighbor, has the best trained and equipped Arab forces in the Middle East. But his Arab Legion, 12,000 strong, and the Transjordan Frontier Force, with 4000 men, are both commanded by British officers and financed by the British treasury. Palestine's northern neighbors, Syria and the Lebanon, are newly independent and their armies are only now being formed—with the assistance of the British. Egypt, to the south, is cut off from Palestine by a desert crossed only by one railway line and one road. Her primitive army could never get across that buffer.

Iraq, beyond Syria and Transjordan, has a poorly equipped force of 30,000 which is really a *gendarmerie*, and has its hands full policing rural areas and subjugating the Kurd minority in its own country, a task it could hardly do without British help. Finally, there are the 10,000 picturesque horsemen of Saudi Arabia, who are exotic but completely lacking in technical knowledge. The Saudi Arabians are cut off from Palestine by Transjordan. As King Abdullah and King Ibn Saud are old enemies who engaged in bitter border disputes, the thought that Abdullah would allow his enemy's warriors to cross his territory is preposterous.

All the Arab countries depend upon Great Britain and the United States

for their essential needs, and the budgets of Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Transjordan and to a lesser extent Egypt are balanced by royalties and subventions from the United States and Great Britain. They are hardly equipped to wage war against the wishes of their benefactors.

IV

Palestine has been described as an "armed camp." It is. The people are said to be "sitting on a volcano." They probably are. But from the way they live, one might imagine that the people hardly realize it.

The curfews, sieges, transport restrictions, assaults, requisitions and repressive action which the Jews experience are not continuous, but intermittent and sporadic. This year, the bitterest in the Jews' struggle with the British, was marked by a successful theatre season highlighted by the Habimah Theatre's production of *Oedipus the King* under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie, a guest director from London's famous Old Vic Company. Leonard Bernstein, Charles Munch and Bernardino Molinari were among the guest conductors of the Palestine Philharmonic Orchestra. Emilica Vera of the La Scala Opera in Milan was a guest prima donna of the Palestine Folk Opera. Soccer, the national sport, draws capacity crowds in all cities. It is often difficult to get seats for the movies or theatre.

Despite British repression, which threatens to ruin the Palestine economy, a Jew from Texas built Pales-

tine's first factory for inner-spring mattresses. Local industrialists all through the country continued to buy new machinery from America to streamline production. The Jews started a new Mediterranean shipping company in partnership with British interests, and all over Palestine new settlements are springing up to prepare homes for expected refugee arrivals.

This apparent stoicism does not mean that the Jews are not hurt by the British blows, nor that they are indifferent. The Jews are bitter. But they are not allowing the British to break their spirit. They grimly believe that the goal toward which they are striving is worth any sacrifice.

Not so the British. Their morale is low. It is true that many soldiers are enthusiastic Jew-haters and relish their work, but the majority find their mission in Palestine distasteful. Some even sympathize with the Jews.

The picture of a beaten, down-trodden Jewish community in Palestine taking additional punishment from the British is out of focus. The British in Palestine are more abject than the Jews. The officials and soldiers, self-imprisoned behind barbed wire, live in perpetual fear because they can never know from what direction the next blow will come.

To what extent American public opinion misunderstands the nature of the Palestine struggle was brought home to me when I heard a New York radio commentator portraying a curfew in Tel Aviv. He described how soldiers took up positions on rooftops

for a final showdown with the extremists. That is nonsense. The British are not in a position to force a showdown.

The resistance of the bulk of the Jewish population is passive. It takes the form of non-cooperation in the implementation of the British White Paper policy, which had planned to freeze the Jewish population into a one-third minority in Palestine. Those who fight with guns and dynamite are much smaller in number. Aside from some who are known to the authorities and have gone into hiding, the activists lead daily lives as ordinary citizens. From time to time, they slip out of their homes to take part in raids. They keep no weapons in their homes. Usually, the people living with them are unaware of their activities. Hence, the British clearly have no way of getting at these people for a showdown. They must leave the initiative to the underground.

Reports from Palestine of large-scale arrests frequently mislead the public. Generally, most of the people picked up in the British dragnet searches are detained either because they need shaves, or because they stammer and appear uneasy when questioned by police. The majority are released after a short while. Last August, the British hauled in a large number of Jews with a week's stubble on their chins. They suspected that the men were underground members who were growing beards as disguises. It took the Chief Rabbi to convince the authorities that the detainees were

simply orthodox Jews who do not shave in the nine days before the Black Fast of Ab, which commemorates the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans 2000 years ago.

In fact, the British are not making any serious indent on the ranks of the underground. On the contrary, the extremist groups are getting stronger.

There are many more misconceptions about Palestine, but one which irks the Jews of Palestine particularly is the notion that the National Home is a philanthropic venture.

It is perhaps natural for Americans who sent 25 million dollars to Palestine through the United Palestine Appeal to have that opinion. But the

fact is that not a penny of that money found its way into the budgets of the Tel Aviv Municipality, the General Council of Palestine Jews or the other representative institutions which provide the public services of the community.

The United Palestine Appeal funds were divided between the Jewish National Fund, for the purchase of more land in Palestine, and the Jewish Agency, for political and practical measures to increase Palestine's absorptive capacity and to get more Jews into Palestine. Hence, the American contributions do not subsidize the present Jewish community in Palestine. It can take care of itself.

FOG IN WOODS

BY SJANNA SOLUM

Here in these woods the silver-footed fog
Intrudes with whispered steps that now pursue
The night. The fog-horn's muffled monologue
Re-echoes in a tireless, faint halloo —
Insistent as an anxious voice might be —
As though perturbed at such a still escape
Of that which should be wedded to the sea,
Yet steals inland: a white and formless shape.

The tangible, dark arms of silent trees
Push back the fog in vain; in shrouded white
It takes a stealthy journey in the night
And flutters ghostly draperies that freeze
The blood. These woods are now an eerie place,
Of hidden footfalls — and the fog's wan face!

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



MILK SNAKES

BECAUSE for purposes of human convenience we impose upon the flow of time the pattern called a "year," and because we say of a year that it has a beginning and an ending and all those other structural parts into which wholes are commonly divisible, it is easy to fall into thinking that the life of nature is *really* operative in this way. We come to look upon it as upon the life of a man or the plot of a story: the birth and beginning in the spring, the events of maturity in summer, the aging and drawing toward conclusion in autumn, and at last the death and conclusion when winter comes.

It is a natural enough sort of poetry, and in a rough metaphorical way it has some truth in it. But the larger and higher truth, of course, is that nature — meaning the totality of the creation — is not something that anywhere "begins" or anywhere "ends." It contains and encloses all such temporalities. It is a continuum. Inside its serene perpetuity, this or

that creaturely fragment now waxes and now wanes; but the waning is as much a part of the total life of the general tissue as is the waxing; and there is not anywhere a point at which a philosopher can truly say "This is a point of beginning" or "This is a point of ending." It may be said of nature, as the baffled old theologians used to say of God, that its circumference is everywhere and its center nowhere. It exceeds time, and lives forever in a seamless Now.

Approximately speaking, of course, it is the spring of the year that is the time of birth and beginning, just as the autumn is the time of dwindling and ending. But this is only to say that the lives most noticeable to us are most evidently undergoing those processes at those seasons. Actually, in one part or another of earth-life, it is always spring, it is always autumn. May is the birth-month for May-flies, and in that sense it seems a beginning. But May is also, though we notice it less often, the death-month for May-flies, and in that sense it is a time of ending. There is

no moment, all the year around, when some forms of life are not quickening and growing; and there is no moment, all the year around, when some forms of life are not slowing and dying.

The month of July, casually contemplated, looks to be a time of drowse and almost of arrest. The nesting of most of the birds has long been over. The budding and leafing of trees is so long past, now, that they have grown dull with their midsummer dullness, and whitened with dust. The autumn migration of the birds will not be taking place for many weeks; and this is a time when most songs are stilled. This is the hot, dry, locust-droning high noon of the year, seeming almost as inactive a time, in its way, as the cold sleep of midwinter.

But in fact July is the "spring" for more than one kind of creature. Birdblood and treeblood may be sluggish now; but the blood of reptiles follows another calendar. In obscure hiding-places now—in the shelter of fallen logs, in little pockets in the leafmold in the woods—the female milk snakes are depositing their eggs.

There may be anywhere from half a dozen to nearly a score of them in a clutch. Oval, a little more than an inch in length, a milk snake's leathery eggs have the look and texture of the cold fleshy caps of mushrooms. When the milk snake has deposited them, she does not at once abandon them to be hatched by the agencies of

time and the sun, as most oviparous snakes do. For at least an hour or two, following the laying, she commonly lies with her sinuous mottled body coiled around them, pressing them together, sometimes so tightly that they adhere. Then, her brief reptilian impulse of maternity satisfied, she unwinds and goes slithering upon her way.

The eggs of milk snakes take about two months to hatch. During that period, the plastic shells expand and change their shape, becoming lumpy and swollen. The embryo snakes, coiled inside, grow from some two inches in length to nearly eight inches. Then, on some day in September, the little snakes burst their confinement like so many loosed springs, and issue forth looking very like small replicas of their begetters. A few hours after hatching, they shed their skins, and their appearance then becomes almost exactly that of the adult snakes, except that the brown of their blotchings has a slightly brighter and redder quality.

The appearance of a milk snake must be familiar to almost everyone who goes outdoors. It is a moderately slender snake, attaining to a yard or so in length, and the grayish back is marked with a series of brown saddles all along it. In alternation with these saddle markings are smaller dots and blotches along the sides. It is a snake spectacular neither in appearance nor in the details of its life. That life is largely devoted to the catching of mice and small rats; to

remaining quiet and hidden during the full daylight, and faring abroad for excursions in the dusk; and to the occasional catching and devouring of a smaller fellow snake.

Lampropeltis triangulum has no venom. It has no terrifying habit of coiling and striking. It is not able to move with remarkable speed. Its temperament is essentially furtive and peaceable. By virtue of the nature of its diet, it renders a major service to countrymen and farmers. It would be difficult to find anywhere outdoors a more unobjectionable fellow creature than this mild and rather lovely little serpent, now in July going about the business of laying her eggs.

But from every deposit of these eggs, there will hardly be more than one or two small offspring that will ever come to their maturity. The rest will be vigorously beaten to death, at their earliest encounter with mankind. It is the melancholy distinction of milk snakes to have incurred, to a nearly unique degree, our terror, misunderstanding, and rage.

II

All snakes, of course, are under a doom. Whether for the reason dear to fundamentalist parsons, or the even odder reasons occasionally put forward by Freudian interpreters, or for whatever cause, we are easily disposed to vent upon snakes a hysterical aversion. A garter snake is nearly as unsafe, when we are around, as a

hooded cobra. But in the case of the milk snake our always fanatical fear and hatred have been magnified by three ancient and apparently almost incurable delusions. The nature of them is indicated by the three popular names that are given to *Lampropeltis triangulum*. The snake is variously known to us as milk snake, house snake, and checkered adder.

The fearsome name "checkered adder" presumably comes from an age-old confusion of *Lampropeltis* with the copperhead. It is felt that the two snakes, if not identical, are so much alike that the venomousness of the copperhead must surely be common to both. Actually, the "checkered adder" is a much slimmer snake than the copperhead. Its blotchings narrow at the sides, instead of widening as the copperhead's do. There are ample points of distinction to make the difference between the snakes plain to any but the most inexcusably careless eye. Year after year, however, the "adder" continues to be bludgeoned to death by myriads, by persons tremblingly grateful to have avoided sudden death only by their resoluteness and agility. Year after year, corpses of *Lampropeltis* continue to arrive in boxes and fruit jars at the offices of curators of herpetology, with covering letters explaining under what circumstances the deadly creatures have been secured. The late Dr. Ditmars used to estimate that the persistence of the frightening misnomer "checkered adder" in our vocabulary costs the

agricultural economy several thousand dollars a year.

The second popular name, "house snake," derives from the undoubted fact that this snake often does turn up in houses . . . in an old wall, in a cellar, in a woodshed. Our native attitude toward snakes being what it is, it is easy to believe, of course, that this intrusion into our homesteads indicates a reptilian intention to molest us, to seek us out and do us ill. The fact, pathetically enough, is that the snakes commonly come into the house because they are looking for a peaceful place of shelter, and also because they are looking for an opportunity to catch mice. But few householders are willing to be influenced by so simple and unexciting an explanation. The snake that has wandered into a cellar continues to be greeted with a combat worthy of the repelling of a dragon.

The commonest of all the popular names, "milk snake," derives from the sturdiest and certainly the most fantastical of all the misunderstandings. Milk snakes are found extensively around barns. That is an observable fact. Cows every now and then, for reasons which cannot always be ascertained, suffer a decline in their milk production. That is the second observable fact. The contribution of our inveterate human gift for myth-making has been to combine these two facts into the wild and wonderful belief — held easily as tenaciously today as a hundred years ago — that the milk snake surreptitiously

seizes upon the udders of cows and sucks them dry. It is a poor village indeed that cannot produce at least one Old Uncle Jake or Grandpa Tompkins who is ready and eager to recall that he has personally witnessed the performance.*

It is possible to demonstrate, with the exactness of the laboratory, that the interior anatomy of a milk snake is such that its capacity for fluid is about two teaspoonfuls. It is a matter of record that efforts to feed milk to milk snakes in captivity have indicated that the snakes regard this food with a complete lack of enthusiasm, if not with downright detestation. (An occasional intemperate skeptic, over-eager to destroy the myth of the milk snake, makes the assertion that *no* snake will drink milk. This, unfortunately, is battling myth with counter-myth; for there are some snakes, notably among the cobras, that will take milk from a saucer; though always, of course, only in the tiny quantities to which a snake's internal arrangements limit it.) It can be shown convincingly that a whole army of milk snakes, a whole horde of them all operating in one single night, could not, even had they any inclination to suck the cows, deplete the milk supply sufficiently so that even the sharpest eyed dairyman could notice the diminishment in his milk pail.

But a vivid story is always stronger than a prosy fact. Unreasoning terrors are always powerful against a rational tranquillity. The facts about

milk snakes have been set forth a good many times before now. It remains probable that most of the little snakes which hatch from the eggs that the female milk snakes are depositing now, in this July season of the milk snake's spring, will have small chance of living to grow up.

SECOND BOYHOOD

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

He was an old, old farmer now,
Too feather-kneed to follow a plow,
At swinging a scythe he kept the knack
But not the wind and not the back.

He found it a bitter, bitter pill,
But he grew resigned and went downhill
To the level of a boy of ten
And handed tools to the young men.

He turned the stone where once he held
The scythe, and after trees were felled
He split up branches which were pindling
For the women and their kindling.

A boy without a boy's quick eyes,
He lugged the bags of smaller size,
Picked up potatoes in the rows
Without the joy of a boy's bare toes.

Yet bitter, bitterest of all,
He found no stay, he had to fall
To a boy of seven, of six
And chop the baby birchwood sticks.

Still he did the things he could.
One night he carried armfuls of wood
Into the house in shrunken pride,
Lay down tired, happy, and died.

JIM HILL BUILT AN EMPIRE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

FIRST came the blizzards. Then came the droughts, then the grasshoppers and hard on the leaping legs of the parasites came the greatest curse of all — James Jerome Hill. Jim Hill was the Little Giant, the Devil's Own of the northern plains, the prince of the Great Northern, King of the Northern Pacific, emperor of the Burlington — the man who *made* the Pacific Northwest, the Empire Builder, the man who wrecked Minnesota, wrecked the Dakotas, Montana and all Puget Sound, the prophet of northern wheat, the Evil One of Homesteaders, the shaggy-headed, one-eyed old so-and-so of Western railroading.

In his lifetime Jim Hill was each and all of those things, a legend while he lived, a legend still in death and death came thirty years ago. The legend is so powerful, so varied and so insistent in its countless inconsistencies, and the measured critical writing on the man so meager, that it seems improbable a fair estimate of Hill and his work will ever be set down on paper. What old Corneal Vanderbilt had been to the tight little kingdom of the New York Central, Jim Hill was to a vast empire that ranged unbroken from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound, from the Canadian bor-

der to Colorado and Missouri, and on across the Pacific to China and Japan.

Jim Hill was vindictive: because the mayor of small Wayzata, Minnesota, objected mildly to all-night switching in the village, Hill tore down the station and set it up more than a mile away. Jim Hill was loyal: when he had used his own, not his stockholders' money, to speculate in ore lands and the speculation turned out to be a magnificently wonderful investment, he let his stockholders, who had risked nothing, into the deal, to their enrichment by millions of dollars in dividends. Jim Hill was down to earth: he would grab the shovel from the hands of one of his laborers to spell him off, meanwhile shoveling snow from the Great Northern tracks as though he were a steam-driven plow. He had delusions of grandeur: he built a castle in St. Paul and considered himself as the builder of empires, on a plane with Genghis Khan and Napoleon.

Only one thing seems certain about Jim Hill: He assuredly was a great genius and the Titan of Western railroading, in a class by himself. "Good" or "bad," Hill stood quite alone.

When he was eighteen years old in 1856, Hill arrived in the settlement on the Mississippi that was beginning

to dislike its original name of Pig's Eye and was calling itself St. Paul. He had been born in Ontario of parents who meant him to be a doctor. The loss of one eye from accidental discharge of an arrow seemed to preclude medicine; and anyway, young Hill wanted to be a trader in the Orient, like Marco Polo. He struck out to approach the Orient from a Pacific American port, his first thought being to join one of the brigades of trappers who covered the country between the Mississippi and the west coast of America. From San Francisco or Portland, he believed, he might get passage on a ship across the great ocean.

In 1856 St. Paul was a jumping-off place for trappers, but young Hill arrived there just a few days too late to join the last brigade of the year, a fact that undoubtedly changed the course of his life. He had to wait a year before another brigade would set out. Twelve months could not pass a youth of Hill's energy and find him the same man. In the intervening time he had so firmly taken root in the community that he never more talked of trapping his way west. St. Paul was to be his base of operations for the next sixty years.

II

Hill's first job was clerk for an outfit that operated packet steamers on the big river. He saw the first shipments of Minnesota grains go down-river. With his own hands he cut the stencil for the first label on the first barrel of

flour made in Minnesota. He noted the increasing number of immigrants. Through his urging, his employers enlarged their activities to include general trading in groceries and farm implements. One of young Hill's many duties, one that he relished, was fixing freight and passenger rates for his company, work he did most competently and the experience of which was to stand him in good stead later.

In 1865 he set up for himself as a forwarding agent and general transportation man, acting for the St. Paul & Pacific, a political football of a railroad that had never got anywhere, but by state appropriations managed somehow to keep a few trains moving. He also had one eye on the Red River of the North, a large and muddy stream that rose in Dakota Territory to flow north into Lake Winnipeg in Canada. At Winnipeg, then called Fort Garry, was an important post of the venerable and aggressive Hudson's Bay Company, just then fighting to retain its monopoly of the Canadian fur trade. It could not consistently carry the freight of the independent traders, whom it was trying to put out of business; and Norman Kittson, agent at St. Paul for the British company, suggested to Hill that he might find a way to transport the independent fur men. Hill did so, operating a boat on the Red River to such effect that the Bay Company found his competition dangerous. Hill and Kittson then combined to form the Red River Transportation

Company. Out of this line Hill made the foundation of his fortune.

Hill traveled a good deal in the region, much of it on horseback. He noted the rich black soil and the vast expanses of a virgin region. He watched the steady decay of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad. If he could but lay hands on that haywire pike, he believed, he could extend it into Dakota and make it a paying line. Just then along came the panic of 1873 to add the final touches needed to ripen the St. P. & P. for Hill's ready hands. Hill and Kittson, with Donald Smith of the Hudson's Bay concern and George Stephen, head of the Bank of Montreal, set out to get the road. Hill knew more about it than its officials did, and he worked wonders on them and their stockholders, at last getting the road for less than one fifth of what he believed it to be worth.

Now Hill, barely forty, started to perform a miracle with the dismal remains of the grandiosely named St. Paul & Pacific. For very little cash and a lot of credit, he laid hands on rails, rolling stock, locomotives and laborers. Directing the job in person, much of the time at the railhead or in advance of it, Hill drove his construction crews at a furious rate, laying one mile of track every working day, sometimes more. When he reached the Canadian border he reorganized the road into the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba. The Canadian Pacific, building west in the Dominion, ran a line down from

Winnipeg and the two roads met. It was destined to be a busy line.

The organization of Hill's new railroad could not have happened at a more opportune time. Two thumping great harvests followed. What had been a trickle of immigrants from Norway and Sweden now rose to a full flood. There were homesteads for the taking, or Hill would sell them good land at from \$2.50 to \$5.00 an acre. From the first day of its operation Hill's railroad was a highly profitable carrier; and now he wanted more of it. In 1879 he told friends that he was going to push his line across the continent to reach Puget Sound. A few may have believed that he could and would. The others jeered at the idea.

III

Jim Hill didn't care whether they jeered or cheered. This thickset man, with massive head, graying beard and long gray hair, and one eye — this already grim old lion as he was characterized when still but forty, was of the general aggressive type of frontier magnate, but he was also more. Where most pioneering businessmen worked for today, Hill worked for the future. He projected an idea ahead of him, and worked up to it. He had a superb imagination, and brains in plenty. It turned out, a little later, that as a financier he was fit to talk turkey even to J. P. Morgan the elder, and lose neither his shirt nor his pants. Moreover, his knowledge of the country through which he proposed

to lay his rails was encyclopedic. How he carried it all in his head was the despair of his enemies, and often of his own employees and associates.

For another thing, Hill insisted that his railroad should be the best possible to build. He often delayed selecting a route until he himself had inspected the grades and the curves, but once he had accepted the line of the right-of-way, his road bed must be perfect. By locomotive, by handcar, passenger coach, caboose, or on horseback, he was continuously going over his line, built or projected, seeing everything, asking questions, demanding a change here, arguing with his engineers, even with his track foremen. No cheap bridges, either. His idea of a railroad bridge was the one he laid across the Mississippi at St. Paul, a monstrous solid thing of thick granite, fit for a couple of centuries, he said.

When Hill announced his intention to build to Puget Sound, many of his stockholders were aghast. No other company had attempted such a thing without a subsidy from the government, in land grants and sometimes in cash as well. Hill could get no grant. And even if he did by some quirk manage to get to the Pacific, how then could he hope to compete with the old subsidized lines? The majestic railroad he planned was promptly labeled Hill's Folly.

Hill's Folly moved swiftly westward into Dakota, putting out short feeder lines as it went, for Hill had studied the country and knew, as no

other did, where a branch might blossom at once because of ready traffic; and presently the road started on the long and difficult haul across Montana, running well north of the Northern Pacific but an encroachment, to the minds of NP officials, wherever it went. That unhappy road, now rejuvenated somewhat and in the hands of Henry Villard, was carrying on construction at both ends of its line, east and west. Hill ignored it, other than to set his own rates uncommonly low in territory where he could compete with the NP. He had designs on the Villard road, true enough, but he was content to run his own line for the present and to let time and the sheriff catch up with the overcapitalized Northern Pacific.

On went Hill's Folly, reaching Great Falls, Mont., in 1887, and that town was glad to grant Hill a free strip through its fine park in the business center, for it had seen what Hill could do to a stubborn community. He had just built his railroad in a graceful arc around Fort Benton, a town that had rejected his demands for a right of way, and left it a full mile from the tracks.

Hill always protected his rear, too, having grain elevators built and attracting by steady advertising still more and more immigrants, chiefly from northern Europe, to come and farm along his line. Hill would haul a healthy immigrant half way across the United States for \$10, if he'd agree to settle on Hill rails; or, if it were an entire family, complete with

household effects and perhaps a few farm animals, he'd rent them a freight car for little more. Nor did Hill, despite much loose writing to the contrary, gouge his new settlers with high rates. He told his partners again and again that it was to their best advantage to give low rates and to do all possible to develop the country and increase traffic as they pushed the rails westward.

While the Folly continued its way steadily across Montana, the Northern Pacific was going the way Hill had predicted. Villard was soon ousted. Then came the panic year of 1893 — incidentally the year in which Hill's Folly reached Puget Sound at Everett, Wash. — and the Northern Pacific went under. It was a tough year for Pacific railroads. The Santa Fe went into the hands of a receiver. So did the Union Pacific. Of all the rails that reached the West Coast, only Hill's Folly, now called the Great Northern, survived intact. And now Hill was ready to take care of the troublesome Northern Pacific. With Edward Tuck and his old associate of the Bank of Montreal, now Lord Mount Stephen, Hill made an agreement with NP bondholders to take over that railroad. But a Great Northern stockholder objected, citing a Minnesota law that prohibited unification of parallel and competing lines.

There was, however, no legal barrier to Hill and his associates buying into the NP as individuals. This they did, and henceforth the Northern

Pacific was, for all practical purposes, a second track for the Great Northern. What had first been the ailing St. Paul & Pacific, then the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, then Hill's Folly, was now the Great Northern and, with the Northern Pacific, was coming to be known simply as the Hill Lines. The Hill Lines were due for further expansion.

IV

What Jim Hill wanted was a through line from the West Coast to Chicago and St. Louis and for a very good reason. He knew that for many years his Great Northern's eastbound traffic would be lumber, or nothing. He knew that the Midwest was potentially the greatest lumber market in the country. Very well, then, he would supply the lumber and deliver it so cheaply that the near-at-hand Southern pine people could not compete. But it would not do to haul empty cars back to the Northwest. In Jim Hill's sight nothing was quite so loathsome as an empty Great Northern freight car. The Orient had always appealed to his imagination, and now he sent agents to Japan and China, and other agents to New England, into the Atlantic states, into the South, with instructions to find out what each region had to exchange for products of the other regions.

While these investigations were going forward, Hill set out to get the railroad he wanted to complete his empire. This turned out to be the

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, already a major system connecting Chicago and Denver and St. Louis, reaching out across Nebraska and Wyoming and into Montana to connect with the Northern Pacific at Billings. If Hill could get control of the Burlington, he would have direct contact with the cotton-hauling roads entering St. Louis and Kansas City, with the smelters of Denver and the Black Hills, with the great packing houses of Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago; and, most important of all, he would have a direct line from Puget Sound timber into the heart of the lumber-consuming region of the prairie states.

With J. P. Morgan Sr. as his ally, Hill set out to buy the Burlington from under the nose of Edward Henry Harriman, then head of the Union Pacific. Harriman wanted the Burlington all to himself, and though he was astute, swift and ruthless, the Hill-Morgan crowd outgeneralled him and got control of the C. B. & Q. Harriman, however, was not done. He set *his* agents to buying control of Hill's Northern Pacific. This they failed to do and Hill and Morgan retained control; but they made a sort of strictly regional peace with Harriman and admitted several of his men to the NP board, in return for which Harriman permitted the NP to use Union Pacific tracks from Puget Sound to Portland.

Hill now controlled the great system of the Burlington. And now his far-seeing strategy becomes plain.

Japanese industrialists crossed the Pacific to meet Mr. Hill, and Mr. Hill prevailed on them to try a shipment of American cotton to mix with the short-staple article they were getting from India. From that time onward Great Northern cars carried a steadily increasing amount of Southern cotton over Burlington and GN rails to Seattle for shipment to Japan. It proved to be a big business. So did the export of New England cotton goods to China. Minnesota flour went across the Pacific. So did metals from Colorado. Thus did Jim Hill's imagination build a trade route from New Orleans and Boston to the Orient. And meanwhile his line laid Puget Sound and North Idaho lumber down at sidings in the American midwest at prices which encouraged the building of the rugged houses and barns and silos and fences that still mark that region.

While this was going on, Hill was making spectacularly successful efforts to populate the so-called wasteland between the Great Lakes and Puget Sound. He imported the finest cattle and gave them away free to farmers. He advocated Dry Farming Congresses. He set up whopping prizes for the best exhibits of grain grown on dry farms within 25 miles of his railroads. To Europe he sent scores of agents armed with wonderful photographic slides depicting Western farming, to be thrown on screens to amaze and to seduce Scotsmen, Englishmen, Norwegians and Swedes. The effects were startling. In 1909

homesteaders took up more than one million acres in Montana. In 1910 still more homesteaders settled on 4,750,000 acres. Between 1910 and 1922, almost half of the entire area of Montana was settled by homesteaders, virtually all of them induced to come there by the enthusiasm and perseverance of Hill (who died in 1916) and his inspired agents.

v

The tragedy was that at least 80 per cent of the area settled was unfit for crop agriculture, even though the wheat acreage increased from nothing to 3.5 million acres in ten years. This, so it turned out, was the mere laying of groundwork for the disaster that followed. Deep plowing brought erosion. The wind, which in Montana never stops blowing, blew the soil out and disaster into the region. Thousands of small personal tragedies followed. The homesteaders gave up and moved away. It was the one portion of Jim Hill's magnificent dream that did not pan out.

In the meantime, the Hill-Harriman war broke out again, this time in the Far West. Harriman, with his Union Pacific and Southern Pacific on the ground, naturally considered Oregon as his private preserve. In 1905 Hill announced, rather casually, that he thought he would "help out with the development" of that great state, and forthwith started building a railroad down the North Bank of the Columbia. Harriman met the threat with gusto, organizing a couple

of paper railroads to conflict with the Hill locations all the way. Much of this part of the war was fought in the courts, although the opposing crews in the field made a personal matter of it, making night raids on one another, blowing all hell out of cuts and fills with dynamite, even fighting one another in the end-of-steel saloons and bawdy houses. Hill won the North Bank fight and his new line, later called the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, went into joint operation with the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific.

Nor was Hill quite finished with his urge to "develop this great state" of Oregon. Quietly getting options to land along the Deschutes river in the central part of the state, and buying up a charter to a road that was never built, he suddenly moved in a huge gang of men and started construction up one bank of the Deschutes. Harriman promptly moved an even bigger crew into the neighborhood and put them to work building railroad on the opposite bank of the river. This time the war grew bloody indeed. Men were killed by big boulders that mysteriously set to rolling. Dynamite explosions mangled others. Bullets from long-range rifles clipped into the camps. Farmers, egged on by the opposing forces, built fences across the rights of way and attempted to defend them with guns. It was all very costly in cash, too, and at last the two railroad giants compromised and only one track led into the settlement of Bend, the declared terminus of Hill.

The truce, however, did not apply to the western part of the state where the Harriman lines had long dominated things. Hill now bought several electric systems to compete with the Harriman roads. He bought an ocean terminal near Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, installed two fast steamers on the San Francisco run, and put on a boat train to carry passengers from Portland to the docks, making good enough time to compete successfully with the Harriman all-rail route to California. The Harriman-Hill war was carried on long after the deaths of both the generals.

VI

Almost to the day of his death Jim Hill continued active. His temper did not improve with the years, and associates found him difficult. On one typical occasion he tore a telephone from its roots and heaved it through a window. On another, he fired an inoffensive clerk who, when asked by Hill, replied that his name was Spittles. It *was* Spittles, too, and Hill fired him because of it.

In matters of art Hill showed a taste that is not usually associated with self-made industrialists. He filled his St. Paul castle with paintings not of alleged Old Masters and fading academicians but with French moderns, at a time when few could see and comprehend the new trend in painting and unerringly pick the masters of it. Hill put up a fine library building in St. Paul and endowed it generously. He wrote a book or two.

He held ideas about civilization that were similar to and antedated those of Frederick Jackson Turner. "Population without the Prairie," said Hill, "is a mob, and the Prairie without Population is a desert."

Jim Hill did his damndest to bring the mob to the prairie, and even though the wind and the plow removed many of those people from the region, others came and Hill's empire across the northern boundary still stands, with a future as great as anything Hill imagined. It is improbable that any other railroad man on the American scene had the imagination and ability combined in Jim Hill. Some prideful Westerners have called him the first Titan of railroading. Perhaps he was. I think both William B. Ogden and Commodore Vanderbilt deserve the name of Titan, too, as we in the United States apply the term to our outstanding figures of commerce and industry. But I also believe that Hill was the greatest of the Titans.

The Great Northern's Number 1 train, the Empire Builder, is named for Hill, and no train of steam cars has a name more solidly founded in fact. When Number 1 whistles for Sauk Center or Whitefish or Bonners Ferry or Snohomish, for two thousand miles across the top of the United States, the echoes scarcely find a swampy nook or mountain valley that Jim Hill himself did not know at first hand. No other empire builder ever knew his empire so well, so minutely, as the one-eyed lad from Ontario.

THE LIBRARY



SINCLAIR LEWIS ON INTOLERANCE

by **BEN RAY REDMAN**

THERE is a widely held theory that American novelists are shorter of wind than their colleagues overseas, that they characteristically promise much in the beginning, do their best work early, and then dwindle. It is a theory with which I have always disagreed, believing on the contrary that our novelists are very much like those of other countries. Neither here nor abroad do many writers of fiction follow a steadily rising curve of achievement, or even climb to a high plateau on which they maintain themselves with unwavering dignity.

Seldom is a professional novelist's last book his masterpiece, or his last two or three — if he has written many during a normal life-span — his best. Wells and Bennett and Galsworthy, to take a conspicuous English trio, all outlived the writing

of their most successful novels by a good many years. So did Tolstoy, so did Rolland. It may be argued that the Russian almost completely, and the Frenchman partially, turned from fiction to other interests; but this argument is beside the point, for they would not have turned if the creative force had remained as strong in them as it was when they were producing their master works.

There is nothing strange in the familiar pattern. It is the natural one. Promise, achievement, declension: that is life's way. One man matures early, another late; some careers are cut short by death, while others, like Fontenelle's and Titian's and Shaw's are lingeringly prolonged. These are the major variations, for novelists as for other men.

Nor are American novelists a peculiar breed, despite some critics who would have them so. There is nothing peculiar, for example, about the case of Sinclair Lewis, which is often quoted as an outstanding

BEN RAY REDMAN was for many years the author of a regular column on books which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune*. His most recent contribution to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* was "The Case of John Steinbeck," which appeared in the May 1947 issue.

instance of American inability to stay the course.

It is true that Lewis served an industrious apprenticeship as a novelist, during which time he wrote nothing of importance. It is true that he matured at the age of about thirty-five, wrote *Main Street*, scored a huge success, and then entered upon a prodigious decade which included *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, and *Dodsworth*, and which was crowned by the Nobel Prize for Literature. It is also true that he has written nothing since *Dodsworth* (1929) that measures up to the work of his great decade; and it is almost certain that he reached his summit with *Arrowsmith* (1925). But there is nothing strange in this history. It is the perfectly normal record of a remarkable talent. By what right do we expect more from an author who has already given us so much? Still, one always opens a new Lewis book hoping to find again the novelist of the twenties. Perhaps one will, some day. But it is nothing of the sort that we find in *Kingsblood Royal* [\$3.00, Random House].

This story carries on its jacket no partial, provocative synopsis of the kind usually favored by publishers. Instead, we read a single sentence, boldly lettered in white and red on black: "A blazing story with a theme that will jolt the nation!"

It is quite possible that, by the time this article appears, *Kingsblood Royal* will have done just that. Sinclair Lewis is an old hand at jolting the

nation. He did it when he told the United States what he thought of its small towns. He did it with his portrait of George F. Babbitt. And again with his excoriation of a minister of God. He jolted all pious folk when he said his say from a Kansas City pulpit. He jolted his fellow writers when he refused the Pulitzer Prize. And he did a first-rate international jolting job when he stood up before the Swedish Academy and unburdened his mind. But if *Kingsblood Royal* does jolt the nation, it will be, as the publishers have indeed promised, by virtue of its theme; not by virtue of the literature which has resulted from Mr. Lewis' tussle with it.

II

His eye for subject is as shrewd as ever; so is his sense of timing. His vigor is unimpaired, and he has never been more passionately involved with his material. In this novel he is not only a novelist but a crusader. It is his purpose to show the hideous nature of racial intolerance, as it exists today in our country. He seeks to strip the monster naked, to expose it in all its ugliness. His intention is wholly admirable. That he fights on the side of the angels, no decent man will deny. But how well has he realized his intention? How well has he fought? How well has his passion been served by his literary talent? How well does his novel serve the cause he champions?

The book's opening sentences show

that its author is an angry man. We read: "Mr. Blingham, and may he fry in his own cooking-oil, was assistant treasurer of the Flaver-Saver Company. He was driving from New York to Winnipeg, accompanied by Mrs. Blingham and their horrible daughter." Now the Blinghams have nothing to do with the story. They are introduced at the curtain's rise, as symbols, posters, caricatures, monitory figures; or, let us say simply, as incarnations of smugness, ignorance, stupidity, and intolerance. They are there to warn us that intolerance is the theme. They set the tone. We spend only four pages with the Blingham family. We drive with them into Grand Republic, Minnesota, lunch with them in a hotel, where we catch our first glimpse of Neil Kingsblood; and then the New Yorkers go on their way, never to be seen again, leaving us with the characters whose story Mr. Lewis has to tell.

The time is November 1944. Neil Kingsblood, recently invalidated out of the army, is now assistant cashier in the second National Bank of Grand Republic. As described by his creator, in upper and lower case letters, he is a Young Banker who lives in a Colonial Residence in a real-estate development called Sylvan Park. He has a handsome wife named Vestal, and a lively little daughter named Biddy. His wife loves him and likes him, and is "serious about him" in the bedroom; she also shares his "Sound Conservative Republican Be-

liefs about banking, taxes, and the perfidy of labor unions." They are "a truly Happy Young American Married Couple," with only one small cloud on their horizon: the trouble they are having, despite their tolerance, with their Negro maid.

Neil's future is assured, for it is understood that he is being groomed for the presidency of his bank. And his social position is high and firm. True, his father is merely a popular dentist, but his wife is a Beehouse ("In Grand Republic, we say 'Beehouse' as you say Adams or Cecil or Pignatelli.") and has been, among other things, president of the Junior League and "winner of the after-dinner coffee-set at the Cosmopolities' bridge-tournament." No free, white, young American of thirty could have better reason to be content with the position in life to which fate had assigned him.

Unfortunately, however, the worthy dentist has a sneaking notion that Kingsblood blood may well be of a finer blue than that which circulates in Beehouse veins. He has been told by his father, who was told by his father, that the family is really descended from a son, unknown to history, of Henry VIII and Catharine of Aragon. After a happy Christmas dinner, he takes Neil aside; imparts The Secret, and urges him to investigate the matter. Dr. Kingsblood agrees with his son that he would "rather live in Grand Republic than in a drafty old palace." "But I just mean it would be kind of nice," he argues

innocently, "if, while we went right on sticking to business here, we could know that by rights—maybe—we're really the kings of England. It would tickle your mother and Joan and Vestal and some day Biddy."

Neil has not gone far in his research before he is convinced that his father's ancestors were an undistinguished lot. But his interest in genealogy is sufficiently aroused to make him wonder about his mother's line. He hopes his forbears on that side will prove "spicier." His hopes are justified. A fairly frank talk with his grandmother leads to the revelation that he may well be able to claim some Indian blood. This possibility shakes him. Not that he has any prejudice against any race ("After all, I was in the War Against Prejudice!"), not that he isn't sure that Indians are a fine people, but—well, but. He refuses to believe there is any Indian in him; he refuses to believe there is any Indian in his Biddy, with "her skin of strawberries and cream, her hair like champagne." Not that he really cares—but.

On his next visit to Minneapolis he goes straight to the Minnesota Historical Society to make discreet inquiries regarding one Xavier Pic: his great-great-great-grandfather, of whom his grandmother has told him. To his relief, he learns that there is no record of Xavier's having Indian blood. But an instant later he is told, to his dismay, that Xavier did marry a Chippewa woman; and an instant after that he is informed that his

ancestor, who was quite a lad in his day—*voyageur* for the Hudson's Bay Company and *coureur de bois* for himself—was also a full-blooded Negro.

Here, surely, is a situation to make the most lethargic reader sit up; a situation to test the powers of any novelist. What happens when a rising young Middle-Western bank executive, who votes the straight Republican ticket; a happy American husband, who adores his wife and daughter; an honored member of his city's most exclusive club, who has grown up soaked in all the racial prejudices of his social group—what happens when this composite, but quite average, creature discovers that he is a Negro to the extent of one thirty-second part? Mr. Lewis answers the question; at least for Neil Kingsblood.

III

Neil is profoundly shocked, of course. But almost immediately he begins to think of himself as a Negro, identified with the Negro community of his city. His sense of racial kinship is obviously mystical, since it has nothing to do with reason. If we believe that Negroes are what they are because of blood, then Neil is one thirty-second colored. If we believe that they are what they are because of social pressures, then Neil is wholly alien to "the race." But the young banker goes his own remarkable way, with no ear for any such rational arguments.

To tell or not to tell? That is the

question which fascinates him. His secret is completely safe. Revelation will mean social, and probably economic ruin for his wife and daughter as well as for himself. Yet he plays dangerously from the very start with the idea of publicly declaring himself a Negro. Of one thing he is sure: he must get to know "his people." The first day of his quest carries him into a Negro church and into the bosom of a Negro family, where, having listened to a tale of Southern white brutality, he informs his astonished hosts, who know him well as a citizen prominent in a city of only 90,000: "I understand, because I have found out that I am part Negro myself."

This is the beginning of what seems to be a kind of home-coming for the assistant cashier of the Second National Bank. Negro society charms him increasingly; white society, less and less. His new friends, he discovers, are far more intelligent conversationalists than the men and women with whom he has lived all his life; whose prejudices have been his own since boyhood. He shares his secret with a widening Negro circle. When he directs a colored couple to a hotel that will accept them, and is thankfully told that white men are seldom so courteous, he assures this perfectly strange pair: "I'm not white. I'm colored, thank God!" It might seem that Neil claims too much on the strength of his fractional heritage.

Sophie, a Negro nurse, is also part

of his belated education. ("She was a soft-moving cat, a bronze cat whose bronze would turn into soft flesh under the fingertips. Her breasts were firm like bronze and softer, he speculated, than the sides of a cat.") For a while Sophie threatens Neil's fidelity to Vestal, for, when he compares the two women, he realizes that his beloved wife has no "individuality whatsoever." ("In a matter of weeks he learned that without suffering and doubt, there can be no whole human being.") But Neil finally realizes that Vestal is truly his "love," while Sophie, presumably because of that powerful blood-bond, is "his sister, his other self."

Still struggling with the question of whether to tell or not, Neil lets his father in on the genealogical secret, and his father, after an outburst of indignation and incredulity, summons a family conference which provides us with one of the most absurd scenes to be found in serious fiction. One would call Dr. Kingsblood's behavior inconceivable, were he not the father of Neil. The scene is unwritable, and Mr. Lewis scarcely tries to write it.

The council of fifteen, including Vestal's father, the great Morton Beehouse himself, decides that Neil must keep his mouth shut; but this is just what he is incapable of doing. Provoked by a poisonous anti-Negro speech, during the suave ceremonies of a Federal Club dinner, with all the most illustrious males of Grand Republic in attendance, he

gets to his feet and makes his proud avowal: "I am only one thirty-second Negro, but according . . . to the general Southern myth . . . that makes me one hundred per cent Negro. All right! I accept it! . . . I'm very cheerful about being a Negro, gentlemen, and about the future of our race, and I think that's enough."

The cat is out of the bag, the fat is in the fire, the lid is about to blow off the pot. And does Mr. Lewis make it blow! The whites of the story, including Neil's acquaintances and most of his oldest friends, prove themselves to be intolerant beasts. To them, instantly, the successful young banker is a "nigger" in every denigratory sense of the word. Still, they are curious to learn from him, at first hand, about "the race," and they can't resist asking him for a statement of the "colored view" on this and that. Nor can some of them help wondering if what they say about the Negro's sexual prowess is really true.

Persecution begins with vicious insults and ends with violence. However, Neil is permitted to stay on at the bank, but without public contacts, until he refuses to promise the president that he will never "cause talk again by going to lunch publicly with a white man." After that he is out of a job, and the absurd novel is marching swiftly to its melodramatic, embarrassing conclusion.

There is no need to follow the story to that point. I have sum-

marized as much of it as I have, only because this method seemed the best way of exposing its artificiality, its essential falseness. It is all crudely rigged. Or perhaps it would be kinder to say that Mr. Lewis has chosen to employ the technique of the Punch and Judy show, in which a simple message can be put across by the violent manipulations of wired puppets that are not supposed to bear any convincing likeness to actual persons. Or one might compare *Kingsblood Royal* to the earliest and most primitive of the Soviet propaganda plays and films.

IV

That the author has prepared his material with his usual industry is obvious. He must have listened to long hours of "race-talk" from Negroes of all persuasions: subservient Uncle Toms, discreet conservatives, shrewd labor organizers, scientists, clergymen, furious radicals and racketeers. He must have filled many note-books, for in *Kingsblood Royal* every one of these types is represented, and they are all well realized in comparison with the whites, most of whom are drawn with a charred stick. But preparation is wasted, the Negro characters are wasted, by being spent on a story that just doesn't make sense. Neil Kingsblood, as created by Sinclair Lewis, could not possibly act as his creator would make him act. In his attempt to demonstrate the wicked absurdity, the utter folly of racial intolerance, the novelist

himself has stepped beyond the frontier of credibility.

As a result, Mr. Lewis' passionate effort in a great cause has been wasted, too. But such effort, in any case, raises large questions. How susceptible is intolerance to direct attack? Is not intolerance always an act of faith, contemptuous of reason? (Black men are inferior. Yellow men are inferior. Jews are inferior. These are statements of faith: of that which cannot be proved; which need not be.) Is not the problem that of undermining such faiths? Is not the great question one of method? And is it not certain that a direct attack on faith almost always produces, not conversion, but an angry response?

For my part, I am convinced that the strongholds of intolerance can never be destroyed by frontal assault, but only by attrition, sapping, infiltration. But perhaps it is best to drop the military metaphor, for our question is one of education, of conversion. You do not educate a man by calling him a fool or a monster. Conversion, unless it comes by revelation from above, is not the affair of an instant; it is a slow process of self-realization. And sometimes the decline of intolerance is nothing more noble than the rise of indifference.

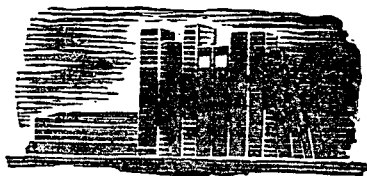
As long as religion was a burning issue, the reciprocal intolerance of Catholics and Protestants flamed. But when men cooled somewhat in religious matters, when they became more indifferent, they began to break bread happily together. For it

amounts to that, whether the idealists like it or not: tolerance, on its lower working levels, may be equated with indifference. And indifference cannot be brought about by violence, either physical or intellectual, legal or literary. How, then, is it brought about? I should say by the gradual, inconspicuous, even unnoticed working of many factors. I doubt that many persons who have become racially tolerant, after having been intolerant, could spot the day or week or month during which the change occurred. Such a change, indeed, means nothing less than that a new personality has been brought into being. I know that I could not name the year in which I shed certain prejudices owed to the social atmosphere in which I grew up.

There are those who will insist on the military metaphor, who will insist that all possible weapons should be used in the great fight. They are hard to answer. So be it. Let all weapons be used, but with the knowledge that the clumsy use of any one of them does more harm than good. With the knowledge that intolerance is not to be abolished by its likeness. With the knowledge that temperance, patience, intelligence, and understanding are worth more than anger. With the knowledge that, let me repeat, you do not educate a man by calling him a fool or a monster.

And even after the lower working levels of tolerance have been won — the area of indifference — there is still a climb ahead. For tolerance, on its highest level, is love.

THE CHECK LIST



BIOGRAPHY

THE MEMORY OF CERTAIN PERSONS,

An Autobiography, by John Erskine. \$4.00. *Lippincott*. Dr. Erskine has made a reputation for himself as a professor of English at Columbia, as a poet, as a novelist, as a musician, and as an administrator. He is now sixty-eight years old, and here he sets down his recollections of people who have impressed him. Many of those eminent in his fields of interest are mentioned in these pages. He writes about them all quietly and never with rancor. Obviously the experiences that George Edward Woodberry and Edward MacDowell had at Columbia pained him, but all he can say about the business is that "No university can afford the reputation of being inhospitable to genius." Dr. Erskine apparently likes nearly everybody; it is not clear that he ever loved anybody. Apparently he was deeply moved by the personality and attainments of Professor Woodberry, but he writes about him almost as if he had been a favorite grandmother — delicately, softly, lifelessly. He hardly ever says an unkind thing about anyone. The one time he comes closest to being sharp with people — in his references to William Ellery Leonard and Ludwig Lewisohn — he not only is acting superior to his superiors but also reveals himself as one who is not at home among men with vigorous feelings and extraordinary creative skill. Altogether a rather tedious book. One hopes Dr. Erskine's succeeding volumes, which he half promises in his last chapter, will be more worth a reader's time.

A. P. GIANNINI, *Giant in the West*, by Julian Dana. \$4.50. *Prentice-Hall*. A biography of the President of the Bank of America might con-

ceivably be of interest to the general reader, but Mr. Dana's turgid rhapsody on Giannini's behalf is enough to embarrass even the most uncritical. The author has evidently gone to great pains to dig up every tribute that Giannini ever received; and to fill in any dubious incidents in his hero's life he has plainly gone straight to old AP himself. Mr. Dana's rhetoric occasionally borders on unconscious humor, as when he quotes Giannini as asking: "Of what use would great wealth be to me? My wants are simple. I could spend no more than my income. Leave it to my children? The last wish in my heart would be to handicap them with great riches. . . ."

CHAMPAGNE CHOLLY, *The Life and Times of Maury Paul*, by Eve Brown. \$3.75. *Dutton*.

Maury Paul was not only Cholly Knickerbocker, society reporter for the *New York American*, he was Dolly Madison for the *Evening Mail*, Polly Stuyvesant for a newspaper syndicate and later Billy Benedict for the *Evening Journal*. This biography by his secretary and assistant might also be classified as a profile of society during the last twenty-five years. Cholly's professional credo was, "In this world, it's who you're seen dining with that counts," and he almost seemed to cross himself when he mentioned the name Vanderbilt. He worked hard, revered his mother, and was not above a little polite blackmail in the form of gifts from those his writings helped.

THE VOICE: THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON, by E. J. Kahn, Jr.

\$2.00. *Harper*. Mr. Kahn is a veteran of ten years on the staff of the *New Yorker*, and *The Voice*, of course, is Frank Sinatra, whose activities are well known. In this slim biography, which is based

on a *New Yorker* profile, Sinatra emerges as a very decent fellow indeed. At various points throughout the book Mr. Kahn seems to be on the verge of doing a serious study of the Sinatra story, but in most instances he carefully checks this impulse in favor of the semi-comical treatment which is more in conformity with his magazine's requirements. The result is readable but unilluminating.

CRITICISM

INDIRECTIONS, *For Those Who Want to Write*, by Sidney Cox. \$2.00. *Knopf*. The very popular and very able professor of English at Dartmouth has here written a truly helpful book for the beginning writer. He does not discuss syntax or structure or how to sell a manuscript. He discusses, rather, more important things, such as where to look for story and poetical ideas, how much to rely on autobiography for fiction, how the creative life and one's "real" life are bound together, how even criticism can be imaginative, how style is really not an abstruse thing but a form of being, and so on. Dr. Cox writes informally but with amazing shrewdness and sympathy.

POETS AND PUNDITS, by Hugh L'Anson Fausset. \$3.50. *Yale*. All who enjoy reading well-written and meticulously thought out literary essays will find great pleasure in this collection. Mr. Fausset writes regularly for the London *Times Literary Supplement*, where many of these chapters originally appeared in one form or another during the last ten years, but apparently he has revised them somewhat. He writes about John Donne, Tolstoy, Walt Whitman, Coleridge, "The Hidden Tennyson," "What is Man?", "Science and the Self" and twenty other subjects of a similar nature. His interests are largely literary, but he keeps his eye open to what is going on in the "practical" world, and some of his passing comments upon the world scene are very shrewd.

HISTORY

JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Robert W. Jones. \$7.50. *Dutton*. Mr. Jones, who is professor of journalism at the University of

Washington, is concerned chiefly with newspapers. His account seems to be quite comprehensive. It begins with the Boston *News Letter*, published in 1704, and it ends with journalism at the conclusion of World War II. It is rich with quotations from old papers, important speeches and public documents. Unfortunately, it is rather haphazardly put together, and the writing is generally dull. The index is far too brief for so massive a work.

THE EPIC OF FREEDOM, by John T. Flynn. \$2.00. *Fireside*. In this slender volume Mr. Flynn gives the question of human freedom a quick once-over. He traces its history from the forests of Saxony in the pre-Christian era to our own United States at the present — this in 126 pages — and all the while keeps up a running commentary designed to show the reader that freedom is preferable to slavery. For those who might still prefer slavery, even after reading this volume, he appends a selected list of books which treat the subject in rather greater detail.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

MAN AGAINST MYTH, by Barrows Dunham. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. Dr. Dunham, who is associate professor of philosophy at Temple University, subtitles his book, "A critical analysis of some of the social illusions which rob mankind of abundance, equality and peace." Unfortunately the "critical" aspect of this analysis is pretty one-sided. Dr. Dunham, for example, thinks that it is an "illusion" to think that art and politics do not mix; he insists that art has to take part in life, but he does not show what happens to art when it mixes in politics, as in present-day Russia and, until recently, in Germany, Italy and Japan. He has some sharp things to say about the "smearing" of Communists, though he is quiet about the smearing that Communists heap upon their opponents. In the section discussing "What people are Communists?" he presents so naïve and inaccurate an "analysis" that it could fit very well into the pages of the *New Masses*. Dr. Dunham admits that Miss Ella Winter and her husband, Donald Ogden Stewart, both warm sympathizers of the Soviet way of life, encouraged him in the writing of this book. In his preface Dr. Dunham achieves a new

low in intellectual absurdity: "Spinoza already had the essence of socialism in the seventeenth century; if he had lived two hundred years later, he might have been Karl Marx."

BATTLE REPORT: *Pacific War: Middle Phase*, by Captain Walter Karig and Commander Eric Purdon. \$5.00. *Rinehart*. This third volume in a series on the Navy's rôle in the war is, like its predecessors, written in a lucid, non-technical prose that at times approaches journalesque. This volume carries the reader from the battle of the Coral Sea, which the authors interpret as the end of the defensive phase in the Pacific, to the re-occupation of the Aleutians, which marked the stepping-up of the American counter-offensive. Both authors are in the USNR, and the book was prepared from official sources, so that there is nothing resembling criticism of the Navy. Nevertheless, this series provides as readable and detailed an account of the Navy's record as is now available to the layman. There are many excellent photographs.

TREASON'S PEACE, *German Dyes and American Dupes*, by Howard Watson Ambruster. \$3.75. *Beechurst*. The charges in this book are sensational, to wit, that I. G. Farben was "a cabalistic organization which, through foreign subsidiaries and by secret tie-ups, [operated] a far-flung and highly efficient espionage machine — the ultimate purpose being world conquest — and a world super-state directed by Farben"; that I. G. Farben played a major rôle in "making Hitler Chancellor and providing money and munitions for his armies"; that I. G. Farben "was largely responsible for our spiritual and physical disarmament when the present war began — just as [it] was largely responsible for our unarmed condition at the start of the first World War"; that I. G. Farben was "an enemy . . . obsessed with the lust of enslaving this nation"; and that I. G. Farben conducted some of its operations "with the assistance of key men in its framework in the United States." Mr. Ambruster is a chemical engineer by profession. He has put years of research into the writing of this volume, and while only experts can pass upon the soundness of his allegations, the reader cannot help being impressed by his vast documentation.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

EUROPEAN CROSSROADS, *A Soviet Journalist in the Balkans*, by Ilya Ehrenburg. \$2.00. *Knopf*. Needless to say, Mr. Ehrenburg presents an enthusiastic report of the new Soviet-dominated governments in Eastern Europe and the Balkans. The general theme of his short volume is that the rule of semi-feudal kings is being replaced by genuine peoples' movements, led by Tito, Groza, Dimitrov, Hoxha, etc. Like all of Mr. Ehrenburg's books, this one is short on documentation and very long on party-line rhetoric.

AMERICAN AGENT, by Mark Gayn and John Caldwell. \$3.00. *Holt*. Mr. Caldwell is a former American agent in China, and Mr. Gayn, who has shown fellow-traveling tendencies in the past, has written several books on China that have done much to obscure the situation there. The present volume is a slickly-written account of Mr. Caldwell's adventures in wartime China: in most instances politics are subordinated to relating the blood-and-thunder adventures of a real-life spy. Fair bedtime reading.

APPEAL TO THE NATIONS, by Norman Thomas. \$2.75. *Holt*. Mr. Thomas' program for world peace is summed up in a few words in the final chapter of this volume: "The best — more probably, the only — hope for peace lies in an appeal to the nations for general disarmament and the liquidation of all forms of imperialism." Before offering this suggestion Mr. Thomas outlines the difficulties involved in hoping to maintain peace through the United Nations, through world government (he makes a distinction), through the atomic bomb or through Communism. As usual, his writing is lively and provocative.

MUSIC

MUSIC IN THE ROMANTIC ERA, *A History of Musical Thought in the 19th Century*, by Alfred Einstein. \$5.00. *Norton*. Dr. Einstein has not written an orthodox history of music. "My aim," he says, "has been to show how the Romantic movement was manifested in music and how

music affected the Romantic movement." The book is thus really a cultural history centered about music. As such it is an excellent and profound work, but it is obviously addressed only to specialists, and even so, to specialists among specialists. For Dr. Einstein writes not only as a musicologist but also as a social historian and as a metaphysician. He takes in every aspect of music: instrumental, secular, religious and folk, and always he shows their inter-relationships as well as their connections with the accepted philosophical assumptions of the times. There are many illustrations and a good index.

THE MUSIC OF SCHUBERT, edited by Gerald Abraham. \$3.75. *Norton*. Once again Mr. Abraham has put all music lovers in his debt. His present anthology is perhaps even more valuable than his *The Music of Tchaikovsky*. It is comprehensive, authoritative, and based on the very latest researches. Scholars deal with every aspect of Schubert's works — his orchestral music, chamber music, piano music, songs, music for the stage, and church and choral music. There is also a chapter on "The Schubert Idiom." The volume opens with a brief but excellent biographical essay, and ends with a good bibliography, a chronological list of compositions, and a group of musical examples.

SCIENCE

THE SCIENCE DIGEST READER. \$3.00. *Windsor Press*. The contents of this book were selected from articles published during the past decade in the *Science Digest*, a reprint magazine in the field of popular science. The material covers an immense and varied field, comprising health, heredity, radio, Einstein's theory of living, the gifted child, the coming atomic war and rocket trips to the moon. As usual in such a collection, the quality of the individual articles is mixed. Some, like Dr. James Bender's "Which 'American' do you speak?" and Dr. David Lumsden's "Orchids — aristocrats of the flowers" are excellent; others, like Ashley Montagu's "Faces do reveal character," are on the level of astrology and spiritualism. On the whole, however, the editors have assembled something which is diverting and at times even instructive.

TRINIDAD VILLAGE, by Melville J. and Frances S. Herskovits. \$4.75. *Knopf*. This is an account of life in a backwoods Trinidad village in 1939. The book has the advantage of being readable on two levels: for the trained anthropologist it offers what appears to be a gold-mine of information about an area which had been largely neglected; and for the layman it has the intrinsic fascination deriving from an urbanely-written narrative about people who are "different." This village combined the traditions of African tribal life with the codes thrust on it in generations of British colonial rule.

MISCELLANEOUS

ADVENTURES OF A BALLAD HUNTER, by John A. Lomax. \$3.75. *Macmillan*. Mr. Lomax has devoted the best part of his life to collecting American ballads. In his searches he has penetrated every part of the country — work camps, barrooms and even jails have contributed odd and valuable bits to his immense collection. Fortunately Mr. Lomax did not collect merely the words of his ballads, but with the help of a portable recording machine he preserved also their music. His findings have enriched the Archive of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress with more than ten thousand recordings. His book, which deals with his experiences as a ballad collector, is packed with examples of American balladry. It has an honest earthiness.

THE HUMAN FACE, by John Brophy. \$3.50. *Prentice-Hall*. So much has been written about the human face that one might well imagine that a vast library on the subject exists. Actually, the many tomes on portraiture, plastic surgery, physiognomy and even character-reading reveal very little about what is most important, namely, what the human face actually is. To remedy this deplorable situation Mr. Brophy has devoted some fifteen years to the study of the human face. He has gathered an imposing, and at times quite amusing, array of data, which should be of interest to almost anyone. His treatise, while not scientific, is intelligent. Reinforcing his findings are twenty-three illustrations of the human face, including the familiar studies by Botticelli, Watteau, Tonks and Rubens.

THE OPEN FORUM



IN DEFENSE OF THE FAIRCHILD PUBLICATIONS

SIR: In reference to the article, "Bible of the Women's Wear Trade" [by Donald B. Robinson in the April *AMERICAN MERCURY*]. . . .

The article refers to Edgar Fairchild as "humorless." I think it may be possible to interpret the quality of Edgar's humor, but I think it is factual that he has a sense of humor. Edgar is no Bob Hope, but to say that he is humorless indicates that he is a rather dour person. It so happens that he does have a sense of humor, not only in my opinion but in the opinion of many who come in contact with him.

To interpret Louis Fairchild as a "stuffed shirt" requires powers of interpretation beyond that of all the employees of Fairchild, because if there is anyone in the organization least likely to deserve that description, it happens to be Louis. I wonder what facts led to the interpretation? As for the statement that he snaps at reporters, I think it is safe to say that no Fairchild ever snapped at any reporter, and certainly no one ever said anything to anybody about not doing any work.

The Fairchilds come to work notoriously early, but they have never insisted upon their employees doing it, nor have they ever used time clocks. Occasionally Louis points out that you can learn more by going up in the market than you can by sitting at your desk, but his tone of voice is hardly one at which one can take offense.

As for Louis' disinclination to give raises, I think it is obvious that no one in the world thinks he is earning as much as he is entitled to, but I think most people in the organization have found the Fairchilds liberal enough. When I first came to work here, the salary levels of beginning reporters were above those paid on other New York papers and from that time on I have had an occasional opportunity to compare salaries with those of reporters on other papers and I find that

the level of salaries in the Fairchild organization is at least as high as, if not higher than, most New York papers. This is not a matter of interpretation, but a statement of fact.

Furthermore, I think it would have been fair to point out that on other papers when a reporter begins to slow down, he is usually farmed out to the Paducah *Herald*, whereas at Fairchild's, if you've done your work faithfully, the chances are that you will wind up in the Advertising Department where you will make more money than the average reporter ever dreamed of.

I think that little story about the boys spitting over the balcony is very cute, but unfortunately merely the result of someone's imagination. . . .

If you were to say that many of the women who come to work in the Fashion Department on their first arrival here are not well dressed, I don't think anyone would differ with you, but after they have been here a while, they learn. I think it much fairer to say that they are probably much better dressed than the average office staff.

There are a couple of other minor misstatements which I did not bother to set down, but I think if you will check these you will find that some of these interpretations are pretty far-fetched and are based only on a process of reasoning by which two and two would amount to five.

HERMAN FRIEDLANDER

New York City

SIR: Come now, Mr. Friedlander, alma mater spirit is laudable but truth is (or should be) indivisible. That Mr. Edgar Fairchild is "humorless" is an opinion which many of his associates hold of him; or so they told me. The term "stuffed shirt," as applied to Mr. Louis Fairchild, was taken from conversations with his employees and acquaintances (and from personal recollections). That Fairchild salaries are distinctly lower

than those of other New York City daily newspapers is a matter of record. I myself know of several highly competent, skilled reporters and editors at Fairchilds, men with well over ten years' experience apiece, whose weekly salaries are interred in the \$80 to \$90 class. On the New York *Times* all experienced writing reporters, according to the New York Newspaper Guild, get a minimum of \$108 a week. On the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Guild contract provides for a minimum of \$100 a week for all reporters with six years' experience. Beginners' salaries on both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* start at \$44 a week. Furthermore, these two newspapers, like other papers under contract to the Guild in New York, have elaborate severance pay provisions for the protection of their employees.

And, Mr. Friedlander, I must say that in all my years of newspapering in New York, I never heard of reporters being "usually farmed out to the Paducah *Herald*," not since the growth of the Guild anyway. The Fairchild practice you outline of having reporters "wind up in the Advertising Department" sounds to me like a fate worse than death.

As for the sartorial elegance (or lack of it) on the *Women's Wear Daily* fashion staff, that, Mr. Friedlander, is obviously a matter of visual observation. Come now, where is your taste?

DONALD B. ROBINSON

New York City

PORCUPINES

SIR: In Mr. Evans' "Skeptics' Corner" the accurate statement is made that a porcupine can't shoot his quills. Perhaps your readers will be interested in a little more data as to the origin of the legend. The porcupine's only method of self-defense is to strike with his tail. The quills in his tail are very loosely attached to the porcupine and forked at the outer end so that they stick into the enemy and come out of the porcupine. Having assisted in removing quills from the nose of a bull terrier four times a summer for twelve years I speak with authority. Incidentally the porcupine can't strike with his tail if he is turned over on his back — an easy thing to do with a big stick. There is, therefore, an unwritten law of the deep woods never to kill a porcupine for sport, because he is the one edible animal which can be easily killed without firearms. If a man is lost in the woods he can club a porcupine to death. His meat is much like young pork.

LOUISE CROSS

New York City

LAZARUS AGAIN

SIR: May I horn in on the argument? [See "The Open Forum" for April.] I would not have thought it necessary but for the fact that the raising of Lazarus from the dead is the greatest of all Christ's miracles. Hence the reason that it is attacked and why it must be zealously defended.

The argument began with the Skeptic's true and innocuous statement that the biblical narrative excluded all attempts to explain away the reality of Lazarus' death. [See "The Skeptics' Corner" by Bergen Evans in the February *MERCURY*.] His argument: decomposition had set in. Mr. Smaltz took umbrage and replied that this is but an inference. I would like to add that the inference is quite legitimate. If I bury a man, I may reasonably infer that in four days death shall have begun its ravages.

Mr. Smaltz quite incorrectly assumes that Lazarus was only asleep, and in support of this impossible contention he quotes the words of Christ: "Lazarus, our friend, has fallen asleep." Like Mr. Smaltz, the disciples too misunderstood these words and answered, "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." In other words, "If after his sickness Lazarus has now fallen into a gentle sleep, it is well for it presages his cure." But Jesus quickly put an end to their mistake (and to Mr. Smaltz's) by saying, "Lazarus is dead." . . .

FRA. AURELIAN SCHARF

Holy Name College

Washington, D. C.

HOMOSEXUALS

SIR: Ninety per cent of what is said or written about homosexuals today sounds like propaganda for "Holy Matrimony."

The short article by Bergen Evans in his "Skeptics' Corner" in your May issue, while it was eminently liberal and fair to the homosexual, contains other conventional erroneous conceptions on the subject.

The author says that Oscar Wilde was not an effeminate homosexual. That is true, but Oscar Wilde, who was married and had children, was, strictly speaking, a bisexual, not a homosexual. Neither is it correct to say that homosexuality is still considered a crime by current laws. Homosexuality being a state of mind — purely psychological — it is not against any law to be a homosexual. One may look in vain for the word "homosexual" in the penal codes of our 48 states; it is not there. But one will find penal statutes punishing certain "sex perversions": sodomy and

the crime against nature, or buggery, as it is called in some Southern states. According to these laws, however, it does not matter whether the act committed was homosexual (man with man, woman with woman), or whether it was heterosexual (man with woman).

"Perversion" is by no means confined to homosexuals. The author here makes the conventional error of mistaking a homosexual for a "pervert," which is a horse of an entirely different color. Homosexual, heterosexual and bisexual are terms denoting the *direction* of the libido. A homosexual is attracted by a person of his or her own sex; a heterosexual by the opposite sex and a bisexual by men and women in equal measure. The term "homosexual" does not refer to any specific *sex act*, notwithstanding popular belief. A homosexual may as much moon over his beloved one as Romeo and Juliet, and still never have any sexual dealings (sublimating sex). According to Magnus Hirschfeld, 92 per cent of homosexuals do not practice sodomy as defined by common law.

The author errs in associating effeminacy with homosexuality, although he tries to scout the superstition that homosexuals are always effeminate. The endocrine glands no doubt play a great part in our personal makeup, but sex glands are either abnormally active when a person is said to be over-sexed, or abnormally deficient when impotence occurs. Effeminacy, which may be due to faulty glands, however, has no bearing on homosexuality, which is a mental state. It is the opinion of psychiatrists that homosexuality is mostly acquired and not inborn. It seems to me that the glands of the homosexual work only too well!

Effeminacy is by no means rare among heterosexual men (the self-styled "normals"). What are the "hen-pecked husbands" but the "fairies" of the heterosexual world? The Frenchman is usually considered effeminate but France is the most heterosexual nation in the world.

The extreme type of homosexual, the effeminate "fairy," usually identifies himself with his mother and acts, talks and walks like a real woman. He is as extreme a type as the heterosexual "he-man," and, as the author correctly states, both are bordering on the psychopathic and pathological.

I do not think that women would like the statement in his article, that "glandular deficiency suggests womanliness." The ancient Greeks who were notoriously bisexual (women for breeding and boys for pleasure), could not all have had bad glands.

As Mr. Evans correctly stated, although he expressed it rather ambiguously, every person is bisexually (I prefer the word "polysexually") constituted. For reasons of posterity, the powers that be insist that all men marry, found a home and have children. Every man and woman, therefore, is indirectly *forced* to suppress the homosexual part of his or her bisexual constitution. Sexual intercourse outside of marriage is verboten.

But nature cares little for man-made laws and taboos and we Americans are known as a nation of law-breakers. One cannot enforce taboos in a free nation. Prohibitions never succeed because free men resent political interference in private affairs.

According to psychoanalysis, some people do not succeed in suppressing the homosexual part of their bisexual constitution. They become neurotics. A homosexual is one who suppressed the heterosexual component of his bisexual nature and a heterosexual is one who suppressed the homosexual component of his bisexual nature. A person who has not succeeded in suppressing either component of his nature will develop into a neurotic, according to Hans Blüher. A neurotic will then strive to cover up his unsuppressed homosexuality by posing as a "he-man" and by fighting other homosexuals. The bisexual who has suppressed nothing, and who gives free rein to both the homosexual and heterosexual components of his nature is, according to Wilhelm Stekel, the only normal sex type.

A typical case of a neurotic homosexual is portrayed in a recent novel by Charles Jackson, *The Fall of Valor*, in which a young man beats up another man when he tries to embrace him. People in the know will not be fooled by such obvious manifestations of a defense mechanism.

One sexologist has defined a homosexual as "a conscientious objector to sex regimentation," or "a person who is allergic to the opposite sex." It strikes me that both these definitions are better than the conventional nonsense about faulty glands, effeminacy, crime, sickness, sin, insanity and whatnot.

I hope that THE AMERICAN MERCURY will publish more such articles debunking erroneous conceptions about the much-maligned homosexual.

HENRY GERBER

Washington, D. C.

SIR: In my paragraph I was attempting to present the layman's *mis*interpretation of homosexuality and to the layman's ignorance I may well have added some of my own. I am delighted,

however, to find the substance of my statement supported by one who is as well informed as Dr. Gerber is. If "The Skeptics' Corner" stimulates many such elucidations it will have fulfilled my dearest expectations for it.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston Ill.

FLYING GEESE

SIR: In the April *MERCURY*, Mr. Bergen Evans in his "Skeptics' Corner" seems to imply that he doesn't believe that wild geese fly in a perfect V formation. Every autumn I have enjoyed the flocks of geese as they winged their way south. And countless are the times I have stood under the blue sky looking upward, and truly marveled that geese could and did oftentimes fly in such a perfect V!

If Mr. Evans doubts the truth of this, I will pay his board for one week during October of this year (when such flights by geese usually take place) so that he may see the wild-geese Vs. I will pay his board at an excellent hotel in this town here in Kentucky.

HARRY LONG

Horse Cave, Ky.

SIR: That geese fly in a V formation is as inconceivable as that they go barefoot. Even the inducement of a week in Horse Cave can't persuade me to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Long's observations. The point of my comment in the April issue was that this commonplace performance was vaguely suggested to have a supernatural touch about it; whereas nothing could be more natural.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.

CORRECTION ON REUTERS

SIR: Charles Williams' article, "The Record in Palestine," published in your May issue, has been called to my attention, with its reference to Reuters as "the semi-official British News Agency."

I would like to point out that Reuters has no connection whatsoever with the British Government. Mr. Williams' reference, no doubt, was due to recollection that prior to 1941 — when Mr. Christopher Chancellor took over general management of the agency — Reuters did accept special transmission facilities from the British Government, but since that time it has been

completely independent and without any government aid. In 1941, Reuters was reorganized, and to all acquainted with the facts of our operation we have maintained our independence from all government influence. . . .

Ownership of Reuters was taken over in 1941 by the British press as a cooperative organization, similar to the Associated Press setup. The trustees and the Board of Directors of Reuters now consist of the leading newspaper publishers of the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand.

Such off-hand references as contained in Mr. Williams' article — and we appreciate that there was no overt intent to do us harm — can be grossly unfair to an organization like Reuters, since the value of news furnished by Reuters to its many clients in this country and throughout the world is dependent upon its reputation for accuracy and impartiality and independence.

JOSEPH LAITIN
Reuters

New York City

MORE ON TOM WOLFE

SIR: I've read the articles on Thomas Wolfe [See "Reminiscences of Tom Wolfe" in the November 1946 *AMERICAN MERCURY*, and "Further Memories of Tom Wolfe" in the April 1947 *MERCURY*, both by L. Ruth Middlebrook] with great interest, as he was a very dear friend of mine. We grew up in the same town, though I was at least fifteen years older than Tom, and did not know him until Max Perkins introduced us. We had a great deal in common, and I saw a lot of him for I think about five or six years.

I think the articles were very good, and in many ways Mrs. Middlebrook has Wolfe done cold. But I hope you will not think me a sourpuss hag if I say too that I sense something distinctly disparaging in them. I don't think for a moment that she should have "raved" about him, but I can't avoid the feeling that deep down in her heart she did not like him. I mean she seems not to have liked him as a person, aside from his extraordinary talent.

I know that it doesn't matter whether I feel this way or not, but I think Mrs. Middlebrook is a sincere person, and that she is open to discussion of her work. I really envy her the ability to discuss him at all. Several people have told me that I should write about him. Unfortunately, I'm not a writer . . . and I would never be able to be objective, as is naturally necessary in work of that kind.

I loved the story about what he did when the

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girl said, "Balmy!" He told me of that once, and I laughed so hard . . . he could be so damned funny. . . . Personally, I am a bit fanatic, perhaps, in his favor. But he was the most INTERESTING personality I have ever known. . . .

BELINDA JELLIFFE

New York City

THE U. S. AND HAITI

SIR: I hope you don't mind my saying that that article, "Haiti's Economic Bondage," published in the January MERCURY, stank like hell. I should say that to blame *in toto* the corruptions of Haiti's various governments on the Americans who have had dealings in Haiti is to be fatuous, to say the least. Just as a matter of statistics, a few of the Americans who have lived and worked in Haiti must have had in mind at one time or another some ideas toward bettering Haiti's lot, even if it meant only making the country better fit to live in.

If it weren't such a costly burden to the American taxpayer, it would be a grim and wonderful experience to see a bunch of jerks like Mr. Seeman take a wad of loan money and try to administer it toward Haiti's rehabilitation. Mr. Seeman differentiates rather clearly between the "puppet politicians" and the oppressed mass of people. If the American occupation was so bad, why were the politicians so happy to see the Marines leave? And why do the masses speak of 1915-1934 as the good old days?

Mr. Seeman writes, "It has been estimated that in twenty years the Haitian peasants sold a million tons of raw cotton to foreign processors for the sum of \$32,000,000." That's doing pretty good for a yearly crop of about 2000 tons.

RUSSELL BEAN

Cap-Haitien, Haiti

SIR: Of course not all American businessmen in Haiti are to blame for that nation's plight. Nor are all Haitians innocent. My article made no such claims. But if Mr. Bean were to calm down sufficiently to study Haiti's modern history, he would learn that the key factor in that country's economic subjugation — and the consequent corruption of its political life — has been the control of Haiti's economy by American interests.

Here is just a single example of how these interests applied pressure to win special privileges: President Dartiguenave, Haiti's first president under American occupation, refused to accept an American loan because he felt that the terms of the loan would give the U. S. control of Haiti's finances. Thereupon the National Bank of Haiti, which was controlled by the U. S.,

withheld the president's salary as a means of compelling him to change his mind. Dartiguenave finally had to appeal to President Harding to intervene and restore his salary.

I am sure Mr. Bean is correct when he says that some Americans in Haiti have entertained ideas about bettering Haiti's lot. However, and I am sure Mr. Bean is sufficiently reasonable to agree with me, there is often a wide gap between an idea and an implemented fact. And the fact is that American occupation has *not* bettered Haiti's lot. Mr. Bean should take the trouble to compare Haiti's living standards before 1915 with those of today. He might be amazed to discover that the Haitians received far higher wages, prices were lower and they even had some native industry. Today, after more than 30 years of American economic control, Haiti has virtually no native industry.

Mr. Bean's references to "the good old days" when the Marines were in control are somewhat startling. Evidently he hasn't learned about the native revolts that took place when the American occupation authorities reinstituted the *corvée* — a system of forced labor on the roads.

BERNARD SEEMAN

New York City

COMMON CAUSE

SIR: While reading the manifesto on "Common Cause," published in the March 1947 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, the three words, "This is it," kept running through my mind, because I have felt for a very long time that an organization such as "Common Cause" was needed, if we are to survive the threat of totalitarianism.

I do not believe that it is enough that each good American try to fight alone the evil forces that are attempting to undermine our American way of life; we must unite and fight together, if we intend to win this battle of ideologies. I know from experience that the individual is apt to feel helpless and inarticulate, when confronted by spreading discontent and hatred. . . .

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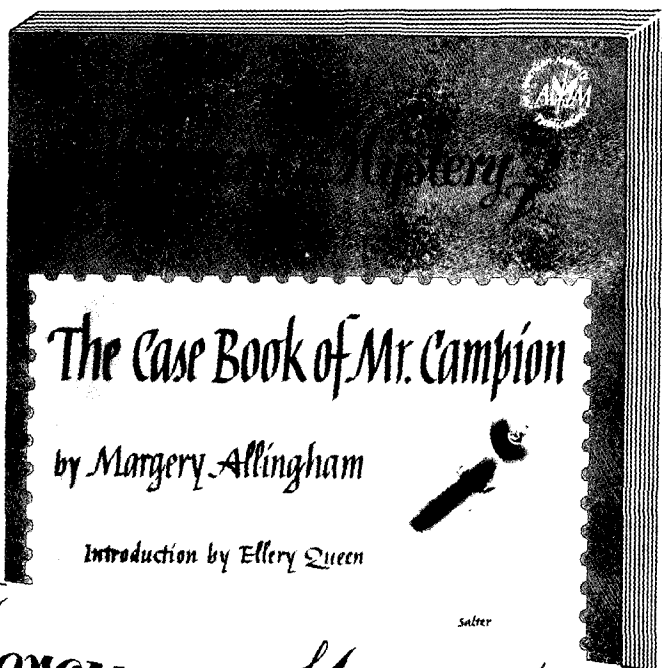
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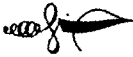
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